Epist. 106 $\frac{5}{-}$ in 4°.

Letters

FRANKLIN CORRESPONDENCE.

1751—1790.

Engraved by Jos. Andrews.

M.rs FRANKLIN.

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION

OF PROFESSOR HODGE.

E. Bocke

S Bache

LETTERS

TO

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

FROM

HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

1751—1790.

NEW YORK:
C. BENJAMIN RICHARDSON,
348 BROADWAY.
1859.

48 - F.

BIBLIOTHECA
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District of New York.

250 copies printed Octavo.
10 " " Quarto

INTRODUCTION.

THE following letters have been selected from a number formerly in the possession of William Temple Franklin, and now belonging to Dr. Franklin Bache. These and the papers which have been for several years in the possession of the American Philosophical Society were formerly parts of the same collection.

It does not seem necessary to add any thing more than a few words respecting the writers:

Abiah, the daughter of Peter Folger, and the second wife of Josiah Franklin, was born in the Island of Nantucket, August 15, 1667, and died in Boston in the early part of 1752.

Mary Stevenson was the daughter of Mrs. Margaret Stevenson, whose house in Craven-street, London, was Dr. Franklin's home during his long residence in England. Miss Stevenson married Dr. William Hewson, and after his death came to America with her family.

Mrs. Deborah Franklin's birthday cannot now be ascertained. She married Dr. Franklin September 1, 1730, and died December 19, 1774. We are indebted to the publishers of Franklin's Works for the portrait of Mrs. Franklin.

Her only daughter, Sarah, was born September 11, 1744, married Richard Bache October 29, 1767, and died October 8, 1808. Mrs. Ellet's "Women of the Revolution" contains a sketch of her life *partly* by the author of these lines. The likeness in the present work is from the portrait of her painted by Hopner, during her visit to England in 1792. Mr. Sully has made two admirable copies of this portrait.

Jane Mecom, the youngest and favorite sister of Dr. Frank-

lin, was born in Boston, March 27, 1712, and at fifteen years of age, July 27, 1727, was married to Edward Mecom, by whom she had twelve children. She survived her brother about four years. The granddaughter Jane, mentioned in some of her letters, still survives, and at the age of ninety-four retains the possession of all her mental faculties.

William Franklin, born in 1729 or 1730, was the Royal Governor of New Jersey, took the side of the mother country during the Revolution, and was an active Tory partisan. After the war he retired to England, where he received a pension until his death in 1813.

Dr. Franklin's son-in-law, Richard Bache, was the eighteenth child of William Bache, of Settle, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where he was born September 12, 1737. He came to America when about twenty-one years of age, and became an active and successful merchant. In 1776, he succeeded Dr. Franklin as Postmaster-General, which post he filled until January, 1782. He died July 29, 1811.

Of Miss Dorothea Blunt nothing more can now be ascertained, than that she was a friend of the Stevenson family, and that her mother was called Lady Blunt. She is mentioned in Dr. Franklin's "Craven-street Journal," and in his letters to Mrs. Hewson.

Catherine Ray, afterwards Mrs. Greene, was a resident of Block Island, and, after her marriage, of Warwick, in the State of Rhode Island. There are many letters to her in Dr. Franklin's works.

Eliza, the wife of Gov. William Franklin, was an English lady by birth. Her maiden name was Downes.

Mrs. Eliza Partridge, whose maiden name was Hubbard, was the step-daughter of Dr. Franklin's brother John.

Benjamin Mecom was one of the sons of Mrs. Jane Mecom.

W. D.

PHILADEPHIA, Dec. 1, 1858.

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LETTERS TO FRANKLIN.

FROM MRS. ABIAH FRANKLIN.

Boston, Oct. 14 [1751].

Loving Son and Daughter:

I did not write to you last post, but it was because I was taken with the stomach-ache so bad all day that I could not sit up to write on any account. My cousin Kesiah Coffin was here last week, and she was sorry that the works and letter was not yet printed. She bid me tell you that she should be glad [to know] how soon you could do them, for she wants to have a few of them very much. My cousin Henry Coffin is gone to your place. I am afraid he will get the small-pox there. I desire you would advise him not to go anywhere [where] you know or think it has been; and if you have any business with him, send him away as fast as you can. I am glad to hear you are so well respected in your town for them to choose you an Alderman,[1] altho' I don't know what it means, or

[1] This election was by the Common Council of Philadelphia on the 1st of October, 1751.

what the better you will be of it besides the honour of it. I hope you will look up to God, and thank him for all his good providences towards you. He has granted you much in that place, and I am very thankful for it. I hope that you will carry well, so that you may be liked in all your posts. I am very weak and short-breathed, so that I can't sit up to write much, altho' I sleep well a-nights and my cough is better, and I have a pretty good stomach to my victuals. Pray excuse my bad writing and inditing, for all tell me I am too old to write letters. I can hardly see, and am grown so deaf that I can hardly hear any thing that is said in the house. Love and service to all friends, from your loving mother,

ABIAH FRANKLIN.

P. S. Mother says she an't able, and so I must tell you myself that I rejoice with you in all your prosperity, and doubt not but you will be greater blessings to y^e^ world as he bestows upon you greater honours.

J. M.[1]

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[1] This P. S. is from Mrs. Jane Mecom, Dr. Franklin's youngest and favorite sister.

FROM MISS MARY STEVENSON,

(AFTERWARDS MRS. HEWSON.)

DRAYCOT [England], Sept. 16, 1760.

MY DEAR SIR:

Such a letter is indeed the highest compliment. What you concluded it with I should think too far strained to be sincere, if I did not flatter myself it proceeded from the warmth of your affection, which makes you see merit in me that I do not possess. It would be too great vanity to think I deserve the encomiums you give me, and it would be ingratitude to doubt your sincerity. Continue, my indulgent friend, your favourable opinion of me, and I will endeavour to be what you imagine me.

I implore your pardon, dear sir, for asking you the reason before I could assure you of the fact. I promise never again to abuse the liberty you grant me in such a manner. For tho' my chief aim is attain'd when I can procure a letter from you, I will be careful to avoid impertinence, lest you should at last be wearied with it, and no longer regard me. I confess it was not from my own observation the water at Bristol, tho' cold at the spring, became warm by pumping: I had only heard that it was so. If it is a fact that the water is warmer after they have pumped for some time, I should account for it in this manner: the water, I imagine, springs warm, but being kept long in the well grows cold; after they have pumped some

time, the water which was in the well is exhausted, and what they then pump is fresh from the spring. This, I apprehend, may be the cause of the water's being warmer after they have drawn a great quantity. It is, I own, great assurance in me to say so much, but I hope it will not offend my dear and honoured friend. The familiar, agreeable manner in which you deliver instruction renders it easy and pleasant, but you must bear patiently with me if I do not always comprehend things as clearly as might be expected. I still conceive that the rising of the tides in rivers is not owing to the immediate influence of the moon on them, but produced from the effect it has upon the sea, which is communicated to them in a weaker degree. But I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you, or, if I cannot have that happiness, I shall take an opportunity of writing to you again; therefore I will not add to the length of this letter. I could not forbear returning my earliest thanks for the charming letter I received yesterday; and am always ready to lay hold of the privilege you give me of subscribing myself (tho' I acknowledge it is too presumptuous),

Your sincerely affectionate friend,

M. Stevenson.

FROM MRS. FRANKLIN.

[PHILADELPHIA], Feb. y^e^ 10 [1765].

I am set down to confab a little with my dear child, as it seems a sort of a holyday, for we have an ox a-roasting on the river, and most people seem pleased with the affair; but as I partake of none of the diversions, I stay at home, and flatter myself that the next packet will bring me a letter from you.

* * * * *

We have nothing stirring among us but pamphlets and scurrility, but I have never said or done any thing, or any of our family, you may depend on it, nor shall we. All our good friends call on us as usual, and we have been asked out, but I have not gone, but Sally[1] has within this month, but she was at Billy's[2] almost seven weeks.

* * * * *

Now a little of what happens. Dr. White of Germantown died this week. Mr. Plumsted, in coming from New York, had liked to be drowned: he fell in seven times. He gave a man ten pounds to pull him over the river on a board, lying flat down. He was in that condition for two hours, but got home well, and not any cold, as I hear of. Now for a very good piece of *news*. Our governor gave in money to the poor ten pounds, and forty cords of wood, which is

---

[1] Her daughter Sarah, afterwards Mrs. Bache.

[2] Gov. William Franklin, of New Jersey.

worth sixty pounds and more, as it is sold now. You don't know how everybody loves him, and we think our governor is a king-bird.

Feb. y^e^ 21.

* * * * *

The Southern post is not come in, nor has the Virginia mail for more than two months.

* * * * *

Since I wrote the above, Mr. Hall came in with the Maryland papers. No Virginia mail. Mr. Hall desired to be remembered to you. My love to Mrs. Stephenson. It would be needless to mention those names, as everybody desires to be remembered to you.

I am, my dear child, your affectionate wife,

D. FRANKLIN.

FROM SARAH FRANKLIN.

(AFTERWARDS MRS. BACHE.)

[PHILADELPHIA, May 30, 1765.]

HONOURED SIR:[1]

I take it particularly kind of you to write to me at a time when I know you must have so much business on your hands. However, I hope 'tis happily

---

[2] This was the style in which all children addressed their parents a hundred years ago. It was a mark of respect, not of rusticity, as was supposed by the writer in the North American Review who reviewed Mrs. Ellet's "Women of the Revolution." This form of respect for parents has disappeared, and, unfortunately, much of the substance has gone with it.

settled before this, and that we shall have the satisfaction of seeing you here in the fall, which we long for.

As I know my dear papa likes to hear of weddings, I will give him a list of my acquaintance that has entered the matrimonial state since his departure:—Mr. Shee to Miss Lawrence; Mr. Clymer to Miss Meredith; young Coats to Miss Hughes; Mr. Martin, of Maryland, to Miss Betsy Bond—it was a sudden thought; Mr. Sewill to Miss Kennersly. Miss Keple, our neighbour, is married, but I do not know her mate. Don't you think we make a figure? Besides, there is a great many that are just going to be married.

The Commencement began this morning. Doc. Morgan made public his plan for forming a physical school in the college.[1] I send you the dialogue that is to be performed to-morrow.

* * * * *

I am pleased to hear Miss Stevenson wears my work, and wish it was more worthy of the wearer. Pray give my love to Mrs. Stevenson and her daughter. I see the girls this morning, and they begged me to send their love to you; they were much pleased that you mentioned them.

I am, my dear Papa, your dutiful daughter,

SALLY FRANKLIN.

Philad., May 30.

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[1] Dr. John Morgan was one of the founders of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, the oldest medical school in the Colonies.

FROM MRS. FRANKLIN.

[PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 22, 1765.]

MY DEAR CHILD:

I have received yours by Capt. Friend, and one which was to have come by N. York and by the packet, and yesterday by Capt. Cotin; they all give me pleasure, indeed, and I love to hear from you. I am so very poor a writer that I don't undertake to say any thing about the discord in this part of the world; but to me it seems we are very wicked, and so is the people in London and other places on your side of the water. I pray God mend us all.

You will see by the papers what work has happened in other places, and something has been said relative to raising a mob in this place. I was for nine days kept in a continual hurry by people to remove, and Sally was persuaded to go to Burlington for safety; but on Monday last we had very great rejoicings on account of the change of the ministry, and a preparation for bonfires at night, and several houses threatened to be pulled down. Cousin Davenport came and told me that more than twenty people had told him it was his duty to be with me. I said I was pleased to receive civility from anybody, so he staid with me some time; towards night I said he should fetch a gun or two, as we had none. I sent to ask my brother to come and bring his gun also, so we [turned] one room into a magazine; I ordered some

sort of defence up-stairs, such as I could manage myself. I said when I was advised to remove, that I was very sure you had done nothing to hurt anybody, nor had I given any offence to any person at all, nor would I be made uneasy by anybody, nor would I stir or show the least uneasiness, but if any one came to disturb me I would show a proper resentment, and I should be very much affronted with anybody. Sally was gone with Miss Ross to see Captain Real's daughter, and heard the report there, and came home to be with me; but I had sent her word not to come. I was told that there were eight hundred men ready to assist any one that should be molested.

* * * * *

Billy came down to ask us up to Burlington. I consented to Sally's going, but I will not stir, as I really don't think it would be right in me to stir or show the least uneasiness at all.

* * * * *

I am in hopes to tell you by Friend that the lot is settled, and the wall finished, but it lies open on that side; indeed, I was afraid to have it done, as we had been ejected if it would not have been a trespass; indeed I am afraid of giving any offence, and content myself with thinking whatever is is best.

* * * * *

It is past three o'clock; I have only to tell you who was so good as to visit me on last Monday night: Cousin Davenport, my brother, F. Foxcraft, Mr.

Wharton, sen.—he came past eight o'clock, on horseback—his son Sammy, Mr. Baynton, Mr. S. Rhodes —they offered to stay all night, but I begged they would not lest they should get sick—my three cousins Laycocks and Mr. Hall, neighbour Shoemaker's sons, neighbour Wistar's son, and more of the neighbours. Young Dr. Tennent, who came home in Friend ['s vessel], came and offered me all the assistance in his power; I thanked him. I should not forget Mr. John Rose and brother Swan. It is Mr. Saml. Smith that is setting the people mad by telling them it was you that had planned the Stamp Act, and that you are endeavouring to get the Test Act brought over here; but as I don't go much to town, I maybe shall be easy for awhile after the election is over, but till that I must be disturbed. I shall send your letter by Friend. God bless and keep you is the prayer of,

Yours, forever,

D. FRANKLIN.

FROM SARAH FRANKLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 14th [1765].

HONOURED SIR:

I returned from Burlington last night, where I have been at mamma's very particular desire. I left my brother very well. Sister is very poorly.

Cousin Laycock was found dead in her bed yesterday morning without any illness. Your friend, Joseph

Morris, has passed meeting with Samuel Mitchell's daughter. She has a fine fortune. Our neighbour Keple's son is married to the greatest fortune in Pennsylvania, Miss Groce, of Lancaster, whom they used to call the galleon. This is all the news I have heard. The subject now is the Stamp Act, and nothing else is talked of: the Dutch talk of the stampt ack, the negroes of the tamp; in short, everybody has something to say.

Captain Ourny took a white satin to be dyed for me, whatever colour Mrs. Stevenson should choose. I must beg of that good lady to give directions for having it made; I now send the measures. Nothing was ever more admired than my new gown. The patterns were of great service to the young women who worked for me. I think myself much obliged for them.

I am going to ask my papa for some things that I can't get here; but must beg, if I am troublesome, he would send * * * to me: 'tis some gloves, both white and mourning, the last to be the largest. I have sent one that fits me best, but that must be a straw's breadth bigger in the arm, for I never had a pair in my life that fitted me there. Some lavender from Smyth, in Old Bond-street, and some tooth-powder from Green & Rutles, in Ludgate-street: sister is to have some of the two latter. I have also a request to make you for Cousin Debby, to get a glass like the one enclosed in a box which Captain Friend will deliver to you. It belonged to somebody else, and she had the

misfortune to break it. Mamma desired me to tell you that she had not seen the Captain to get a receipt, but that she had shipped you some apples and cranberries.

There is not a young lady of my acquaintance but what has desired to be remembered to you.

I am, my dear, your very dutiful daughter,

SALLY FRANKLIN.

FROM MRS. FRANKLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. y^e^ 3, 1765.

The dreadful first of November is over, and not so much disorder as was dreaded. I am ashamed of many of our citizens, but I think you are informed by better hands than I am.

* * * * *

I saw a letter from Mr. Colden,[1] wherein he says they had a mob the night before, and there was one threatened to be that night to pull down his office; that his wife and children were gone to the Fort in order to escape the insults of the mob. But I hope it will blow over without any damage, as the threatenings of the tools have done here. So, my dear, you see how ready we are to follow the fashion of the English folks. I have often thought what a mercy it was that it is only those here that seem dissatisfied

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[1] Of New York.

which think and call themselves the better sort, and that we can turn out six or seven hundred honest, good tradesmen to convince them that they are but mere botchers. The head of our mob is about three persons, two or three doctors, [and] your countryman S. Smith, whom I really pity, as I believe he will kill himself with his own ill-nature. Mr. Tillmon has been very active, and got himself heartily despised, for which I can't help being pleased in some measure, but I don't trouble myself, as I don't live in the same city; so if I stay at home I may be as happy as possible, while you are not here to make me quite so. I hope you are not to stay longer than the spring.

* * * * *

I am to tell you that numbers of your good friends desire their love to you, almost all Philadelphia, for it is but a very few that don't like you. It is almost dark. I am obliged to conclude; and am

Your affectionate wife,

D. FRANKLIN.

November y^e^ 7, 1765.

This day makes a year since you left home.

FROM MRS. FRANKLIN.

[Fall of 1765?]

As I am alone at this time, I sit down to chat a little with you, though I have not any thing extraordinary to say. I have had Parker here for three weeks un-

der a violent fit of the gout in his limbs and the stomach—he says, his heart; I say it was the Stamp Act or the illness of his son; but be it as it will, he is better, and went home yesterday morning.

* * * * *

Brother Peter, I think, is very poorly; but as he is a doctor he cures himself many times a day, but looks very miserable indeed, so that everybody that sees him tells me how he looks. I was told within this week that he was unwell. I went over, he was in his chamber. I went up to see him; he wondered that anybody could say that he was unwell, and began to administer or prescribe to me. I said I wished he would be advised by me and live like me, and look like my pappy and me; but his knowledge is so superior to mine, I could not persuade him to follow my advice.

* * * * *

The pent-house is done. I paid above six pounds for shingles and some other things; so you see that when a house is done, there is much to be done after.

* * * * *

I have had all the rubbish of the lime conveyed to the [farm], and sent George to spread it over the pasture with what ashes we have made. George is for my planting an orchard at pasture, but we differed in sentiments: then he is for my getting workmen and masonry to build a bridge over the run, as it will be more easy to step over; we differ in that also: indeed,

his marriage is of no service to him or any one else; but one thing I believe, there is like to be no more Georges, which is some comfort to me. I add no more on that head. Sally is gone to the Assembly to dance with a friend of Mayor Small's.

[The conclusion of this letter is lost.]

FROM MRS. FRANKLIN.[1]

[Fall of 1765?]

* * * * *

When you went from home, Billy desired to take some more of your books than what you laid out, so I got him a trunk to take them up in; and as the shelves look pretty empty, I took down the rest and dusted them, and had the shelves taken down and put up in the south garrets in the new house,[2] and Miss Elmer and myself put them up. I took all the dead letters and papers that were in the garret and put them into boxes, barrels, and bags, as I did not know in what

---

[1] Portions of this letter, written on several sheets, are lost.

[2] The house described in this letter, which was built by Mrs. Franklin, and in which Dr. Franklin lived after his return from Europe, and died therein, was situated at the head of what was afterwards Franklin Court, about two thirds of the way south of Market-street. After his return he added a wing for his library. The whole house was taken down in 1812, when Franklin Court was built.

manner you would have shelves in your room. Now this I did for several reasons: one, as it did employ my mind and keep me very busy, and as the weather was pretty good, and I should make room if Mrs. Franklin should come to town to stay any time, I was ready to receive her. Now for the room we call yours: there is in it your desk, the harmonica made like a desk, a large chest with all the writings that were in your room down-stairs, the boxes of glass for musick and for the electricity, and all your clothes and the pictures, as I don't drive nails lest it should not be right. Salley has the south room two pair of stairs; in it is a bed, a bureau, a table, a glass, and the picture she used to have in her room, a trunk and books, but these you can't have any notion of. The north room Nancy took for her own use, and I can't tell much about it, only it has a bed and curtains, and it is kept locked. I never saw it but once, I think, except when she was ill. The blue room has the harmonica and the harpsichord in it, the gilt sconce, a card-table, a set of tea-china I bought since you went from home, the worked chairs and screen, a very handsome mahogany stand for the tea-kettle to stand on, and the ornamental china; but the room is not as yet finished, for I think the paper has lost much of the bloom by pasting of it up, therefore I thought best to leave it till you came home: the curtains are not made, nor did I press for them, as we had a very great number of flies, as it is observed they are very fond of new

paint. The south room I sleep in, with my Susannah, a bed without curtains, a chest of drawers, a table, a glass and old black-walnut chairs, some books in my closet, and some of our family pictures. In the front room, which I designed for * * * *, I had the bed which you sent from England, a chamber mahogany table and stand: in the room down-stairs is the side-board that you bespoke, which is very handsome and plain, with two tables made to suit it, and a dozen of chairs also. I sold to Mr. Foxcraft the tables we had, as they did not suit the room by any means. The patterns of the chairs are a plain horsehair, and look as well as a paddusoy; everybody admires them. The little south room I had papered, as the walls were much soiled; in that is a pretty card-table and our chairs that used to stand in the parlour, and ornamental china over the fire-place; on the floor, a carpet I bought cheap for the goodness; it is not quite new. The large carpet is in the blue room; the fire not made yet. In the room for our friends the picture of the Earl of Bute is hung up, and a glass. This is but a very imperfect account. In the parlour there is a Scotch carpet which was found much fault with, and your timepiece stands in one corner, which is all wrong, I am told; so then I tell them we shall have all these as they should be when you come home. As to curtains, I leave it to you to do as you like yourself; or if, as we talked before you went away, if you could meet with a Turkey carpet I should like it, but

if not I shall be very easy, as all these things are become quite indifferent to me at this time; but, since you do so kindly inquire what things I want, I will tell you that when Mrs. Franklin came to town and went to the assembly, Salley had nothing fit to wear suitable to wait on her; and as I never should have put on in your absence any thing good, I gave Salley my new robe as it wanted very little altering: I should be glad if you would bring me a plain satin gown, and if our cousin would make me a little lace of a proper width for a cape or two, I should like it as it was their making, and a light cloke such as you sent for Salley, but it must be bigger than hers. I should have had that, but it was too small for me. In the north room we sit, as it is not quite finished yet, as the doors are not up; we have a table and chairs, and the small book-case, brother John's picture, and the king and queen's picture, and a small Scotch carpet on the floor. I desire you to remember drinking-glasses and a large table-cloth or two when you come, but I shan't want them till then. If you should meet with a pair of silver canisters I should like it; but as you please, every thing I have mentioned. When I say doors, it is the closet doors; they are glazed, but it was unknown to me; they are in your room. I shall count the panes, and send to you. The crane was put up this week, and not before; the rails not done as yet, but promised soon to be done. O my child, there is great odds between a man's being at home

and abroad; as everybody is afraid they shall do wrong, so every thing is left undone.

Salley is still at Burlington. I wrote her that Capt. Friend would sail this week. I hope she writes to you. Capt. Oney took with him her white satin to have made fit to wear again. I don't know whether she ever wrote about it or no. Have you ever seen Capt. Oney? has he arrived? My compliments to our good Mrs. and Miss Stephenson, and all friends as those mentioned.

I have counted the panes in the doors; there are eight in each door, besides the pieces at top the largest size. I will get Mr. Rhodes to take measure of the fireplaces and the pier for a glass. All the chimneys that I have used are very good. I have baked in the oven, and it is good. The same man lives in [the] house that did where I bought it, but I don't know his name. He paid 26 pounds a-year, but now the lot is taken off, but he's never spoke to me, nor, as he is a Dutchman, I have not spoke to him, only to make a water-tube for the area. The pest-house is not done, nor the steps, as the lot is not settled. I fear you have not received all my letters. I told you Mr. Rhodes thought it best not to dig a vault, but I shall see him this evening if I can, but I don't go out anywhere if I can help it.

* * * * *

FROM SARAH FRANKLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, March 23 [1766 ?]

HONOURED PAPA:

Our dear friend Mrs. Smyth, after an illness of five months and six days, expired yesterday morning. In the whole time she had not been out of bed a quarter of an hour at a time, so thankful she was for any thing her friends did for her, and patient to a miracle. Poor Mrs. Duffield and poor mamma are in great distress; it must be hard to lose a friend of fifty years' standing; but when we saw her in such extreme pain, it would have been selfish to wish her stay when so much happiness awaited her.

Mrs. Graeme has lost her only sister, Mrs. Stedman, who died a week or two ago. I write the bad news first, as it is uppermost in my thoughts.

* * * * *

March 25.

I met Mr. Read of Burlington last evening. He told me he had been down to Capt. Egdon's wreck, and among the things he saw a parcel of nice wax-work fruit, which the Capt. told him was put on board by Dr. Franklin for his daughter. He then had a box made for it (for the things had been strangely hauled about), packed it carefully, and it was coming round. I told him I was much obliged to him for his kindness, but did not think it belonged to me, as I was sure you would have mentioned it if you had sent it.

We have heard by a round-about way that the Stamp Act is repealed. The people seem determined to believe it, tho' it came from Ireland to Maryland. The bells rang, we had bonfires, and one house was illuminated. Indeed, I never heard so much noise in my life, the very children seem distracted. I hope and pray the noise may be true. As your time is now taken up so much, a short letter will be more agreeable than a long one. I beg leave, therefore, to conclude with my love to Mrs. Stevenson and Miss, and my love and duty to you.

I am, as ever,

Your dutiful daughter,

S. FRANKLIN.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

[BOSTON, Nov. 8, 1766.]

You once told me, my dear brother, that as our number of brethren and sisters lessened, the affections of those of us that remain should increase to each other. You and I only are now left; my affection for you has always been so great I see no room for increase, and you have manifested yours to me in such large measure that I have no reason to suspect its strength, and, therefore, know it will be agreeable to you to hear that myself and the children I have the care of are in no worse situation than when I last wrote you, and should rejoice to hear the same of

you, since I understand by sister you were in an ill state of health, and thought proper to travel for the recovery of it. I hope in God you have recovered it, and will live long to make your enemies ashamed. Your answers to the Parliament are thought by the best judges to exceed all that has been wrote on the subject, and, being given in the manner they were, are a proof they proceeded from principle, and sufficient to stop the mouths of all gainsayers. The vile pretended letter, which no doubt you have seen, gave me some uneasiness when I heard of it before I could get a sight of it, as considering where a great deal of dirt is flung some is apt to stick; but when I read it I saw it was filled with such barefaced falsehoods as confuted themselves. Their treatment of you, among other things, makes the world appear a miserable world to me, notwithstanding your good opinion of it; for, would you think it, our General Court has sat almost a fortnight, chiefly on the subject of indemnifying the sufferers by the late mobs, and can't get a vote for it, though they sit late in the evening, and the friends of it strive hard to get it accomplished. I have six good, honest old souls who come groaning home day by day at the stupidity of their brethren. I can't help interesting myself in the case, and feel in mere panics till they have brought the matter to a conclusion.

I write this in hopes you will be in England when this gets there, and that you will find time to write

me a few lines by the bearer, Captain Freeman, when he returns.

And I have a small request to ask, though it is too trifling a thing for you to take care of: Mrs. Stevenson, I don't doubt, will be so good as to do it if you will give her the materials. It is to procure me some fine old linen or cambric (as a very old shirt or cambric handkerchiefs), dyed into bright colors, such as red and green, a little blue, but chiefly red; for, with all my own art, and good old uncle Benjamin's memorandums, I can't make them good colors; and my daughter Jenny, with a little of my assistance, has taken to making flowers for the ladies' heads and bosoms with pretty good acceptance, and if I can procure those colors, I am in hopes we shall get something by it worth our pains if we live till spring. It is no matter how old the linen is—I am afraid you never have any bad enough.

Present my compliments to Mrs. Stevenson, and excuse my presuming to give her this trouble.

I have had a respectful letter from Governor Franklin this summer, with a present of six barrels of flour, amounting to sixty odd pounds, old tenor, which was a great help to me, and his notice of me a great satisfaction. All our relations and friends here are well as usual. My daughters desire their duty to you.

I am, dear brother, your ever affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

[Endorsement on the above letter in Dr. Franklin's handwriting—"Sister Mecom. Nov. 8, 1766. Answered by Captain Freeman, and sent a box of millinery."]

FROM WILLIAM FRANKLIN.

BURL'N, June 10, 1767.

HON'D FATHER:

I have before me your two favours, of March 19 and April 11, which came by the packet.

Your remarks on the report of the Board of Trade have been printed, and never any thing met with more general approbation. Even the Prop'y party are warm in its praises. Alexander Houston, I am told, has acknowledged that he did not believe that all the writers on his side of the question put together could produce any thing equal to it. Our friend Samuel Smith, of this town, says that he thinks all the provinces in North America ought to join to make it worth your while to reside in England as long [as] you live. The people of this province are much pleased with your having mentioned New Jersey as one of the colonies which have guarded against excess in paper currency. They have no tidings of any thing's being done by their own agent in this or any other American affair, and the Assembly having some resentment for their being surprised into the appointment of him, will probably remove him at this sessions; but whom they will appoint in his stead, I cannot guess.

The clamour in England against the colonies has alarmed the people here in general. The New York Assembly, I'm told, have voted £3000 for supplying the King's troops with necessaries, which is to be put

into the hands of persons who are to provide the same articles as are required by Act of Parliament, without taking any more notice of that Act than if it had never existed. Our Assembly, which is now sitting, will, I believe, act nearly on the same plan. They had, indeed, provided in the last Act all the necessaries mentioned in the Act of Parliament except cider, or rum in lieu thereof; but they at the same time provided some other things which were not required by that Act, and the officers and soldiers quartered in this province have acknowledged themselves well satisfied. There are several letters from England which mention Gov. Moore's impudent letter's being read in the House of Lords, and I hear 'tis likely to occasion some uneasiness between him and the people at New York. I wish, however, that the Assembly there had done at their last sitting what they have now done, as it would have saved their friends in the ministry a great deal of trouble; and they might, too, have done it very consistently, if, as you say, they had considered the Act in the light of a requisition. As to the Boston Assembly, there seems to be no hopes of any temperate proceedings from that quarter, unless Governor Barnard was removed or Otis was to die.

You may depend that your mahogany press will not be used, and I fancy they have avoided meddling with the letter, but I shall inquire. When Mr. Par-

ker comes this way I will get him to fix a value on that and the old press.

I am much obliged to you for procuring the collectorship for my friend Kollock. I have wrote him that it was obtained by a friend of mine to whom I had applied in his behalf; and have taken pains to inculcate among our friends your aversion to engage in such applications while you continue agent. The reasons you urge for its not being known that you had any hand in the affair are undoubtedly of great weight, and I have contrived it so that it is generally suspected that I obtained it through Mr. Cooper, with whom many here have heard that I was acquainted in England. The David Hall you mention is a member of Assembly for Sussex, and had the Prop'y interest to procure the office. As the Proprietor has failed in his application, I suppose the party would, if they thought his want of success was owing to you, make such another outcry as they did when they were disappointed in getting the collectorship of New Castle for one Morris, in whose behalf they had greatly interested themselves. Morris's friends and the Proprietor wrote over that you had got the office for Walker (I think his name is), and that they were so informed at the Treasury. This was generally believed to be truth, and you were much abused for using your interest for a drunken fellow and a stranger when you might have got it for some man of character on this side of the water, or let the Pro-

prietor have procured it for some such; that your not doing this was making a wanton use of your interest, merely with the view of thwarting the Proprietor, &c., &c. But when the man arrived and heard these reports, he declared that he was not even known to you, and, I have [heard], told many that he owed his place to Mr. Trecothic, as you wrote me. But the Propr'y party, notwithstanding, persevere in declaring that you got it for him, and that they have letters which mention it. I suppose the Proprietor had heard of the application you made for that office in behalf of some friend, and concluded, when the appointment was made, that Walker was the man.

As to the fees which you have paid, or may pay, on account of Mr. Kollock's commission, I will be answerable to you for them, and should be glad you'd acquaint me what they are.

Governor Wentworth visited me on his journey home, and lay a night at my house. I next morning accompanied him as far as Trenton Falls, where we spent the day a-fishing, and supped together. I think him a very sensible, easy, agreeable gentleman.

[The conclusion of this letter is lost.]

FROM WILLIAM FRANKLIN.

BURLINGTON, Oct. 23d, 1767, Friday.

HON'D FATHER:

I wrote to you yesterday in a hurry on hearing that the packet was to sail from New York to-morrow, but my letter got over to Bristol too late for the post, who, it seems, missed his Tuesday's stage, and did not get into Philadelphia till Wednesday, and the postmaster kept him till Thursday morning, and then dispatched him early, whereas, in common, he is not dispatched till Thursday afternoon. I shall therefore send my letter to cousin Davenport, to be forwarded by some vessel that is going to England from Philadelphia.

I forgot to mention before that I had received the copy of the King's grant to you of 2000 acres in Nova Scotia. I have not the least doubt but something handsome might be made of it if well managed, which, if I am well informed, is far from being the case with the lands in which you and Mr. Hughes are concerned. Mr. Jacob Hall (who keeps a tavern at the Wheat-sheaf, near Frankford, and has been lately at Nova Scotia with settlers for your company, of which he is likewise a member) complains heavily of the narrow-spiritedness and mismanagement of Mr. Hughes and the other members. They empowered him, it seems, to conduct there a body of settlers, and to furnish them with such necessaries as they should

have occasion for till they could subsist themselves; but though he gave them nothing but what was indispensably necessary, they refused on his return to allow his account. This put it out of his power to return again to Nova Scotia, he having bought provisions, &c., there on his own credit. By this means, a number who had engaged to accompany Mr. Hall on his return were deterred from going, which has greatly retarded the settlement; and the poor people who were left there last fall, and who, as they were not yet able to raise any thing for themselves, relied on a further supply to be brought by Mr. Hall, were, during the whole winter, in the greatest distress imaginable, and must infallibly have starved had it not been for Lieut. Gov. Franklin and Captain Houston, an old settler in that province, taking compassion on them. These gentlemen sent them supplies from time to time, in confidence that the company were gentlemen of too much honour not to repay them. However, I am told by Hall (of whom I had this intelligence about two months ago), that the company are averse to paying a farthing, and he believes will not. Some settlers, I understand, engaged to transport themselves at their own expense, but others were, on account of their present poverty, to be transported at the expense of the company, who were to be repaid as the settlers grew able. Part of the former sort, however, were not able to comply with their engagements; nevertheless Mr. Hall (who seems to

have very right notions, and a proper spirit for new settlements), says the company ought cheerfully to advance every thing for the settlers till [the] settlement is well established, and take the people's bonds and mortgages for the repayment of what ought to be repaid. The people, too, complain on their part that the company have not complied with their engagements in having the portion of land allotted to the settlers surveyed to them, which was to have been done immediately after their arrival. In short, it appears that the company want a head to contrive and conduct matters for them, and that they are too parsimonious and contracted in their views for such a design. I much doubt if you don't meet with difficulty in getting repaid the fees you have advanced to the Clerk of the Council in their behalf. Mr. Hall tells me that the lands which have fallen to your share are very valuable, being some of the best in the patent. He wishes that you had been present at the meeting of the company, for then, he says, matters would have been conducted more properly. I intend calling upon him soon to learn all the particulars. As to Mr. Hughes, I never see or hear from him. I believe he lives altogether in the country. I shall make it my business soon to see him, and hear his account of the matter.

I send you enclosed a copy of a letter Mrs. Franklin received last night from Parson Brown of Newark, in which he gives some dark hints of an attempt to

have me removed. But I have not the least suspicion of what he alludes to, as no Gov'r ever stood better with the people in general than I do at present. Some, indeed, suspect that there is a scheme to get Lieut. Col. Skinner, who la [a few words lost] Warren to apply for the government, which they say he would stand a good chance of obtaining through the interest of Col. Fitzroy, his brother-in-law, and the Duke of Grafton. But I confess I see no reason for such suspicions. I am at present on a very friendly footing with Cortlandt Skinner; and though he might wish his brother to be Governor here, yet I hardly think he would be guilty of any underhand means to have me removed from this government, unless I was to have another in exchange. And I much question whether Col. Skinner, now he is married to so great a fortune and has a good chance of rising in the army, would wish to have the government. Mr. Brown lives near, and is intimate with Capt. Arch'd Kennedy, who, without the least cause in the world, has taken, I'm told, an uncommon prejudice against me. Perhaps he may have thrown out some hints which may have alarmed Mr. Brown, and induced him, out of a regard to me, to write to my wife on the occasion. At present it is all a mystery to me; but lest any such matter as he apprehends might be in agitation, I thought it prudent to send you a copy of his letter.

The Introduction to your Examination by the Editor of the Gent's Magazine has been published in the

Pennsylv'a Chronicle, and afterwards Hall published it in his Gazette. It gives great pleasure.

Gov. Hutchinson has published a volume of his History, which I suppose you will be able to get in London. I have just received one from N. Y., but have not read it.

I am, Hon'd Sir,

Your ever dutiful son,

WM. FRANKLIN.

FROM MRS. FRANKLIN.

[Jan. 21, 1768.]

MY DEAREST DEAR CHILD:

* * * * *

Our nephew B. Mecom has been here five or six days. He went away yesterday. I did not know his business, but he seemed very happy, and seemed to think he had very great prospects before him, and is in hopes to convince his friends that he and they shall be very happy before long. He had some conference with Mr. Kinnersly and the Rev. Dr. Allison. I can't help telling that Dr. Allison surprised Benny by telling him that God in his mercy has made the road to heaven so wide that some of all religious professions may go to heaven—nay, it is so wide that they may go abreast; but Ben thinks that he is mistaken and is a very queer man, and don't seem to like him, but

the Doctor trusted him with six or eight letters to the most noted men in our place.

* * * * *

I am your affectionate wife,

D. FRANKLIN.

Yesterday our Mr. Pott's son Joseph was married to Sammy Powel's sister. His first wife was John Morris's daughter. She died in child-bed. [He] and the lady were own cousins; they could not pass meeting, so they signified their intentions at the State House door, and were married by a magistrate.

FROM WILLIAM FRANKLIN.

BURLINGTON, May 11, 1769.

HON'D FATHER:

A few days after I was favoured with your letter of the 20th of March by Capt. Creighton, the packet which left England the 7th of March is since arrived, but I had no letter by her from any one. I suppose (tho' you do not mention it) that you have wrote to me before relative to the letters I sent you by the January mail; perhaps by Sparks, who is not yet arrived. I wait impatiently for the arrival of the April packet, and I do not think it proper to convene the Assembly till I have answers to some letters I have wrote to the ministry.

Mr. Galloway has sent me (agreeably to your desire) copies of the clauses added to the last Mutiny Act. I am very glad that they have passed, as I am convinced our Assembly would not have receded from the former mode of providing necessaries for the troops in quarters; and, consequently, altercation and confusion must have ensued.

I have wrote Col. Croghan what you mention concerning his affair. I hope the application will be attended with success.

Capt. Trent met with some unexpected delays, but I suppose is by this time arrived in England. I hear that Sir Wm.[1] has a letter from Lord H., mentioning that his Maj'y entirely approves of all the transactions of the treaty, so that I imagine Capt. Trent will meet with no difficulty in his application. Indeed, it is necessary to our friend W.'s affairs that he should finish his business in England in a short time, for those with whom he has left the care of his affairs find a good deal of difficulty in keeping matters quiet with some of his creditors during his absence.

I have entered far into the spirit of farming, and have lately made a considerable addition to my farm[2] on very reasonable terms. It is now altogether a very valuable and pleasant place. I must beg you not to omit sending me the *drain-plough* I wrote to you for,

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[1] Sir William Johnson was probably meant.

[2] Franklin Park, on the Rancocus Creek, Burlington county, N. J.

invented and made by Wm. Knowles, at Newport, in the Isle of Wight. I observe by his advertisement that he is to be heard of at Mr. Bailey's, Register of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts. I likewise want a *Rotheran or Patent Plough*, as it is called. There is a draft of one in Mills's Husbandry and in the Select Transactions of the Edinburgh Society, but I can't get our workmen here to make one by it. They understand the making of no other ploughs but what are in common use here. I was thinking to request to get Knowles to make me one of this kind also (as he advertises making all sorts of ploughs on the best mechanical principles); but since I have learnt that he lives in the Isle of Wight, I am at a loss to know how it or the drain-plough can be sent without a great expense, and I believe none of our vessels in time of peace touch at Portsmouth, and to send it to London (if by land) will make it come very dear. If, however, there are opportunities of sending them by water to London, or some other seaport from whence vessels sail to Philad'a, the expense may not, perhaps, be worth minding.

I have not yet seen Mr. Caiger, who was recommended to you by Mr. Small and Mr. More, nor heard of his arrival in America. Should it be in my power to serve him in what he requests, I shall readily do it.

Mr. Morgan, our secretary, is in Canada. I had a very polite letter from him last week, in which he mentions his intention of being here some time this

month or the next. Mr. Reed, our dep'y sec'y, has, I understand, let his house at Trenton, and intends soon for England to marry De Berdt's daughter. He has not, however, mentioned his intention to me, and perhaps will not think it necessary. He never comes here but at the time of the courts, leaving his business of secretary entirely to clerks, both here and at Amboy. Mr. Morgan intimates as if he had a design of changing his deputy, but it is a matter I don't choose to interfere in; all that I shall desire is, that whoever he appoints may be obliged to reside here, and may be properly qualified to execute the business.

Public affairs remain much the same on this side of the water as when I wrote to you last. The members of the New York Assembly are differing greatly among themselves. Col. Schuyler and Mr. Walton went out to fight a duel, but thought better of the matter when they got on the ground, and settled their differences amicably. Col. Lewis Morris is expelled for not being a resident in the borough of West Chester, for which he was elected, though he has a considerable estate in the borough. Mr. Livingston, their late Speaker, is like to be expelled on the same account. By the resolves of the House, they allow non-residents have a right to elect, but not to be elected. Parties run very high among them.

The Boston writers have attacked Gov'r Barnard on his Letters, and on his being created a baronet. They

worry him so much that I suppose he will not choose to stay much longer among them. There is a talk that a new Governor is shortly to be appointed. Many of the principal people there wish you to be the man, and say that you would meet with no opposition from any party, but would soon be able to conciliate all differences.

Our Supreme Court is sitting, and I am a good deal engaged and hurried.

Betsy joins me in duty. I am, as ever.

Hon'd Sir, your dutiful son,

W. FRANKLIN.

FROM WILLIAM FRANKLIN.

PHILAD'A, Sept. 1, 1769.

HON'D FATHER:

I came to town with Betsy on Monday last, in order to stand for my little nephew.[1] He is not so fat and lusty as some children at his time are, but he is altogether a pretty little fellow, and improves in his looks every day. Mr. Baynton stood as proxy for you, and named Benj'n Franklin, and my mother and Betsy were the godmothers.

I did not know that Friend was to sail so soon, or I should have wrote to you and Mr. Wharton before I left home. Here it is not in my power, for I am not a minute without interruption, and am put under such

[1] Mrs. Bache's eldest child.

a course of eating and drinking that I am not able to do any thing else.

I had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 28th of June, per Capt. Keags. It was delivered to Mr. Galloway at Chester, who brought it up last night. I cannot answer any part of it now, as I am in doubt whether this will be in time, the passengers being to leave town this morning; but I shall write again soon. I sent you lately a bill of Mr. Odell's for £25 sterling, and shall send you the 2d by the next packet. Betsey wants a pair of handsome, fashionable stone or paste buckles, and I shall be obliged to you if you would purchase a pair and send them by the first safe opportunity. She joins in duty with, Hon'd Sir,

Your ever affectionate and dutiful son,

WM. FRANKLIN.

Neither the July packet nor Jefferies yet arrived.

FROM THE COMMITTEE OF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW JERSEY ASSEMBLY.

BURLINGTON, Dec. 7, 1769.

SIR:

The House of Representatives of this Colony on the 8th of last month unanimously chose you their agent in London, and appointed us to correspond with you on the affairs of the Colony. The Resolve

of the House by which you are appointed agent, his Excellency will transmit to you properly attested.

To a gentleman whose inclination to serve the Colonies, we believe equal to his knowledge of their true interests, much need not be said to induce an attention to American concerns in the ensuing sessions of Parliament, and the confidence the House have in the assurances of his Majesty's ministers that they will use their endeavours for the repeal of the Revenue Acts, and that those endeavours will be successful, renders any particular direction to you on this head unnecessary, but we could wish his Majesty's faithful American subjects to stand in their true point of light before him, that no doubt may remain of their loyalty and firm attachment to his royal person and government.

We are directed by the House to desire that you will apply to the proper offices and solicit his Majesty's assent to the bill for septennial election of representatives, and the bill for giving the counties of Morris, Cumberland, and Sussex a right to choose representatives in Assembly, transmitted in 1768. The Province is very solicitous for a confirmation of these laws, and we must desire you will use your influence to obtain the royal assent to them as soon as possible. Another bill in 1765 was transmitted for amending the practice of the law, which the House would rather choose should not have the royal assent, as a bill they like better has been passed by the

House this sessions, which although the Governor could not pass, yet he has, upon a message from the House, promised to ask his Majesty's permission to give his assent at a future sessions.

His Excellency, our Governor, will transmit for his Majesty's royal approbation an Act of Assembly passed this sessions for making current one hundred thousand pounds in bills of credit, to be let on loan at five per cent. The particular distress of this Province for want of a currency, and the little prospect of being able to obtain a bill very soon, to make the bill a legal tender, was what induced the Assembly to comply with this method, and as the funds for the redemption of the bills are good beyond a doubt, we are under no apprehensions of any difficulty as to the bills' obtaining a credit and passing in lieu of money. We refer to the preamble to the bill and to your own knowledge of the propriety of the measure, and it gives us particular pleasure to intrust to your care a matter so generally desired by the people of this Colony, because you so well understand the subject and can so readily answer any objections that may be made against it.

The House have ordered a sum of money to pay the expense that may attend the getting of the royal assent to these bills, and we enclose a bill of exchange for two hundred pounds sterling for that purpose.

The House have also passed a bill for lending a sum of money to the General Proprietors of the East-

ern division of this Province, and have by a message to the Governor informed him that they would direct their agent by a memorial to support the claim of this Colony before his Majesty in Council. You will, from the agents appointed by law to manage the controversy between the Colonies, receive a state of the controversy and every paper necessary for you to inspect before drawing your memorial. The House have, therefore, directed us to inform you that the principal motives of the House for your application to his Majesty are—

1st. That justice may be done to individuals as well as the Colony in general, and altho' the House does not pretend to direct where the said line ought to be fixed, yet as the settlement of said line will in its consequences affect the Colony very sensibly, especially should any station be fixed southward of this line solemnly settled in the year 1719, in consequence of which great numbers of people settled up to the said line, and have ever since done duty and paid their taxes in this government, should that line be altered and brought southward, many honest and *bona fide* purchasers will be involved in ruin, unless his Majesty should think proper to interpose.[1]

2d. The injustice to this Colony will appear very great when it's considered that the line of 1719 has constantly been deemed the line of division between

[1] What follows appears to refer to the northern boundary of New Jersey, separating it from New York.

the governments, and the settlers and lands up to that line have ever been estimated in the taxes: hence, should the line be removed southward, this Colony that has incurred a debt of one hundred and ninety thousand pounds in the late war, yet undischarged, will be deprived of the aid of valuable settlements in paying off this debt, and the burthen increased on the remainder of the Colony. From this sketch of the sentiments of the House, and the papers that will be laid before you by the agents appointed by law to manage the controversy between the Colonies, you will be able to frame a memorial to his Majesty; but as no appeal is yet made, and only threatened, no application from you to his Majesty will be necessary until such appeal is actually made by the agents from New York.

We are, Sir, with great sincerity and respect,

Your h'ble servants,

CORTLANDT SKINNER,
AARON LEAMING,
ABRAHAM HEWLINGS,
HENRY PAXSON,
EBENEZER MILLER,
JOSEPH SMITH.

When you write by way of New York, please to direct to Cortlandt Skinner, Esq., Speaker of the Assembly of New Jersey; and by way of Philadelphia, to Abraham Hewlings or Joseph Smith, Esqrs., at Burlington.

BURLINGTON, Dec. 19th, 1769.

ESTEEMED FRIEND:

The foregoing is a copy of a letter wrote by the Committee of Correspondence, which was forwarded by the way of Bristol. Nothing farther occurs at present than to confirm the foregoing, and to enclose 2d bill for £200 st'ng, drawn by Garrett and Geo. Meade on James Dormer, Esq., in London.

I am, very respectfully,

Thy friend,

JOSEPH SMITH.

FROM MRS. FRANKLIN.

June 30, [1772?]

* * * * *

Mr. Sumain is dead, our good old friend Even Evens, Mr. Gordon you knew, Mr. Bainbridge's father, Polly Pitts; and George is a widower and a dreadful crier, but he is a-looking out, but shan't marry very soon.

This morning would have afforded you much pleasure with my king-bird. He went into the water, and as soon as he eat his breakfast he said he would go to school and then come home and play. A little girl, a school-mate, says that Ben Bache is the Commodore over the Madam, but I suppose you will be informed by Sally.

I am your affectionate wife,

D. FRANKLIN.

FROM RICHARD BACHE.

(DR. FRANKLIN'S SON-IN-LAW.)

PHILADELPHIA, [1772?]

DEAR AND HON'D SIR:

* * * * *

At the request of Mr. Baynton I send you an extract of a letter from Mr. Hooper, a surveyor, to him, respecting the western boundary of this Province, with his sentiments thereon; also a number of remarks of Mr. Morgan, which may be useful to the proprietors of the new Colony[1] (should it take place) in respect to the mode of settlement, granting of land, &c. I would have had Mr. Baynton to have sent them himself, but he is afraid of being troublesome, therefore has put the matter upon me.

I can't help mentioning one thing to you as a matter that will greatly impede the settlement of the new Colony, and which has already alarmed and discouraged many people from settling to the westward, and that is the demolishing and abandoning Fort Pitt, for which, it is said, orders are issued. I am told that Governor Penn has applied to General Gage for a respite of these orders, till [some application can be m]ade home respecting the matter. If so [it would be well for] the proprietors of the new Colony to back [the application] that Pittsburgh may be continued a

[1] Upon the Ohio River, in what is now the State of Indiana.

garrison town. My mother, Sally, and Ben are all well. They join in love to yourself, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Hewson, &c., &c., with,

Dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate son,

RICH'D BACHE.

Permit me to congratulate you on your late honorary appointment in France.

FROM MISS BLUNT.

WEYMOUTH, Aug. 14, [1773 ?]

When and where this may find you, my dear sir, but I hope soon, and that you may be in good health. I fancy my fears made [me tremble] more than I believe I ought to have [done]. I own I thought you much indisposed when I saw you in Craven-street, and I allow that I was conceited enough to think I could have prescribed better things than Madeira and Curaçoa; not that I am an enemy to either in a healthy state, or in some diseases, but you appeared to me to have (at the time you took them) too much on your stomach of the nature of sour to [take] any more without being more injured than benefited, tho' taken with your usual moderation. Be kind enough to believe I am not making any pretensions to knowledge in the nature or mixture of acid, or alkalies, for

I have none; but I do remember to have seen my father (in appearance) in the same state that you were in, and I also remember that such things appeared to do him harm. I feel also so nearly for you the same degree of affection and respect that I felt for him, that it was natural for me both to think and say the same I should for him and to him. I know that you must think me very unwise for regretting the loss of pleasure that if I had enjoyed would now be past and gone, but so unwise am I, for the knowing that I could have had more of your company than I have had * * * would have been pleased with * * * company. I say my being thus * * * will make me regret the loss of * * * spite of Madam Understanding that stands by and pronounces it to no purpose.

I must not own that Weymouth does not please me, because it is without all controversy a most pleasing place for walking, riding, bathing and going upon the water; and if these are not the most pleasing amusements at this season, and in such Italian weather, what are?—and why then, it is natural to ask, am I not pleased with it? To which I answer, that as much as I can be pleased with these amusements, I am; but having been accustomed to the society of sensible people, and finding here either no companionable people, or none that have leisure to be such, I should not feel very sorry to set off to-morrow, though by so doing I should miss seeing the beaux at the ball, and dancing withal.

If I had not made a vow to keep [in good humour] I should certainly have been horrid cross, having been three post days at the office for letters, not getting one, there being none there for me. I shall write by the same post that conveys [this to] Broad-street, first because I fear she m[ay not hear] of me by you, for I hope you have * * * mer flight, and next because I have [reason to] think that tho' I have not been ungrateful [or un]kind, Mrs. Hewson may think me both, and one is very apt to think the worst of people. She may, when Will has been cross, feel a little inclined to think less well of me than I deserve.

Can any living soul complain of this weather? and yet I dare say many do—to be sure, I, being neither a stable nor a cow-keeper, have no reason, so I shall not, tho' to be sure we ought to have rain, if it was only to lay the evil spirit in every lane and road and street, that is monstrously troublesome even to people of fashion. Don't wonder if I should return a fish or at least an amphibious animal—as I dwell by the seaside, go *in and out* it, and feed on the fish thereof. I love dearly to write to you, tho' I hate you should read my letters—now as nobody else can, pray, as you are a wise man, contrive some method of my being pleased and not hurt—and this if you can without my being at the trouble or expense of ceasing to write.

About ten days hence I expect to leave this place, and to be for a week at S^{r} Ch^{s} at Odiham, Hants.

[If] I can love you more, I most certainly shall. [If you] feel inclined to write to me, take notice that [I know] you well to desire *one* unless you are mak * * days. Give my affectionate compliments to Mrs. * * *. Believe me, dear sir, most heartily and * * * friend and obliged humble servant,

D. Blunt.

FROM MISS BLUNT.

Odiham, Nov. 2, [1773 ?]

If the epithet *dear* pleased me, that of *friend* did all that was possible to be done. It pleased me much—now you expect me to have done my preamble and come to the substance. I am not very clear it will have any, yet if Truth is not one, man has none; the love of it, I think, appears to me above the love of the other things, and if I ever uttered one, I do when I declare that your manner of expressing it is peculiarly pleasing to me, the generality of people being so much like a school-boy's piece, so encompassed with flourishes that the thing itself is not enough seen to be admired. I am not a good *similist*, and tho' an inhabitant of the East, a very bad metaphor-maker: so, tropes and figures apart, I shall in plain and *simple* manner thank you and dear Mrs. Stevenson for the friendly invitation, which I shall most

joyfully accept one day next week, not till after Tuesday and before Sunday—it depended not on my whim but on the whims of those who ride in the machine from Winchester—the coach I must come in, that if not full and so kind as to pick up crumbs by the way. I being one must be content to return to this place and try once and again. I need not desire that our Polly may be had if possible. The sweet little woman, Lady B., that you would love dearly, is now at my elbow, and as I have been scribbling the whole morn'g, I feel that I ought to devote the rest of the day to her. So good evening, good night, good all that I can wish or you can want, be unto you, my good sir, and all you love—this is my benediction, and with this I will depart according to my word.

D. BLUNT.

Remember me to Mrs. S., Mrs. W., and C.

FROM MR. BACHE.

PHILADELPHIA, 24th Dec. 1774.

DEAR AND HON'D SIR:

By a vessel via Bristol, under date of the 17th cur't, I sent you the unwelcome information of my mother's[1] being attacked by a paralytick stroke, the

[1] His mother-in-law, Mrs. Franklin, is meant.

14th of this month, but at the same time I mentioned that we were not then without hopes of her getting through it, and indeed Doctor Bond fed us with these hopes till Sunday evening, when we discovered a considerable change in her for the worse; she continued without seeming to suffer much pain till Monday morning about 11 o'clock, when without a groan or even a sigh she was released from a troublesome world, and happily relieved from all future pain and anxiety. In the natural course of human events we could not expect her continuance many years longer with us, and therefore with becoming resignation (I hope) patiently submit to the Divine Will, which has been pleased thus to deprive us of a *friend* and *mother*, and we trust your own good sense will enable you to bear this afflicting loss with more than manly fortitude.

I sent an express to Amboy for the Governor, who came in time to attend the funeral on Thursday the 22d inst., in the evening; he is now with us and writes you by this opportunity. A great number of your old friends attended on this mournful occasion to pay their last respects to a memory which will be ever held dear by all who knew her, for the good she has done in this life; and this is no small consolation to her numerous friends and relations.

Sally, who bears this sudden and unexpected stroke with much fortitude and resignation, joins me and the children in truly affectionate love and duty to

you, and in wishes for your speedy return hither, when our consolation shall not be wanting on this or any other afflicting occasion.

I am, dear sir,

Your sincerely and affectionate son,

RICH'D BACHE.

FROM WILLIAM FRANKLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24th, 1774.

HON'D FATHER:

I came here on Thursday last to attend the funeral of my poor old mother, who died the Monday noon preceding. Mr. Bache sent his clerk express to me on the occasion, who reached Amboy on Tuesday evening, and I set out early the next morning, but the weather being very severe and snowing hard, I was not able to reach here till about 4 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, about half an hour before the corpse was to be moved for interment. Mr. Bache and I followed as chief mourners; your old friend H. Roberts and several other of your friends were carriers, and a very respectable number of the inhabitants were at the funeral. I don't mention the particulars of her illness, as you will have a much fuller account from Mr. Bache than I am able to give. Her death was no more than might be reasonably expected after the paralytick stroke she received some time ago, which greatly

affected her memory and understanding. She told me when I took leave of her on my removal to Amboy, that she never expected to see you unless you returned this winter, for that she was sure she should not live till next summer. I heartily wish you had happened to have come over in the fall, as I think her disappointment in that respect prayed a good deal on her spirits.

I received by Mr. Bingham your two favours of the 13th and 18th of October; also one dated Nov. 1st, enclosed to Mr. Bache by the packet.

It gives me great pleasure to find that you have so perfect an enjoyment of that greatest of blessings, health. But I cannot help being concerned to find that notwithstanding you are so sensible that you "cannot in the course of nature long expect the continuance of it," yet you postpone your return to your family. If there was any prospect of your being able to bring the people in power to your way of thinking, or those of your way of thinking being brought into power, I should not think so much of your stay. But as you have had by this time pretty strong proofs that neither can be reasonably expected, and that you are looked upon with an evil eye in that country, and are in no small danger of being brought into trouble for your political conduct, you had certainly better return while you are able to bear the fatigues of the voyage, to a country where the people revere you and are inclined to pay a deference to

your opinions. I wonder none of them, as you say, requested your attendance at the late Congress, for I heard from all quarters that your return was ardently wished for at that time, and I have since heard it lamented by many that you were not at that meeting; as they imagined, had you been there, you would have framed some plan for an accommodation of our differences that would have met with the approbation of a majority of the delegates, tho' it would not have coincided with the deep designs of those who influenced that majority. However mad you may think the measures of the Ministry are, yet I trust you have candour enough to acknowledge that we are no ways behindhand with them in * * * of madness on this side of the water. However, it is a disagreeable subject, and I'll drop it.

I shall do what lies in my power to have Mr. Wilmot's account paid. The Assembly are to meet on the 11th of next month.

I wrote a long letter to you lately, and enclosed it to Sec'ry Pownall by the packet, which I hope will get safe to hand. In that I told you that I was anxious to have Temple[1] bred to the law, and wished to have him sent for a year or two to the New York College. I hope to see you and him in the spring, and that you will spend some time with me at Amboy, where I am now happily settled in a very good

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[1] His son, William Temple Franklin.

house, and shall always have an apartment at your service.

I shall do our kinsman Folger all the service in my power. Mr. Westley I expect will call on me soon on his return from Schenectady, when I shall pay your draft in his favour.

I have but just heard of this vessel's departure, and have it not in my power to add more than that I am ever, Hon'd sir,

Your dutiful son,

WM. FRANKLIN.

FROM MRS. MECOM AND MRS. CATHERINE GREENE.

WARWICK[1], July 14, 1775.

The concern I knew my ever dear brother would be in to know what was become of me, made me take the first opportunity to write to him, and twice since, but did not receive a line from you till the day before yesterday, when I received y'rs of the 17 June, and this day I have received the first you wrote. It had been returned from Cambridge, and had lain three weeks in Newport office.

Your care for me at this time, added to the innumerable instances of your goodness to me, gives me great comfort under the difficulties I feel with others,

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[1] In Rhode Island.

but not in a greater degree for I am in want of nothing, having money sufficient to support me some time, if I should go to board (which, however, Mrs. Greene will not consent to), and I have with me most of the things I had to sell, and now and then sell some small matter. I thought I had told you I brought out what I could pack up in trunks and chests, and I so contrived to pack 'em in our wearing apparel, linen, and bedding, that they pass'd examination without discovery. This was not an unlawful smuggling, which you would have reproved, for they were not owed for, nor any one cheated of duties. I wish I could have brought all my effects in the same manner; but the whole of my household furniture, some wood, soap, &c., &c., &c., except a few small matters I put into my trunk, I left behind, secured indeed in the house with locks and bars, but those who value not to deprive us of our lives will find a way to break through them, if they are permitted. My daughter's goods are there, too, for tho' she boarded in the country some time before the town was * * * she did not remove her furniture; what [remained] of their m[oveab]les cousin Williams got out * * * letter pleased me much, shall convey it to them first opportunity. My daughter Foot gone to Dunstable, she in a bad state of health—left their goods in Boston. My son John's widow, who married Mr. Turner, an officer, left them in Boston. How it has fared with them, cannot hear, tho' I wish them safe, for he

really appeared a good sort of man. Oh! how horrible is our situation, that relations seek the destruction of each other!

Poor Flagg, tho' he has used me very ill, I deplore his fate the more as there are two of my daughter's children left—I know not how they will be provided for. His story is too long and too full of shocking circumstances to trouble you with; shall only tell you that in the winter he was taken in a fit which terminated in distraction and confined him some time, but got so much better as to go about his business, and sent out his wife and children, intending to follow them, but was soon after taken in the same manner as in the winter, and died in a few days.

My good Mrs. Royal and family that I lived so happily with, is gone to Worcester. I have not received the invitation you say your son was so good as to send me, nor a line from him a long time, tho' I have wrote several by such hands as I know he must have received. Cousin Coffin has invited me to Nantucket, which was sent to Boston and returned before the resolves of the Congress. I don't know if it would be prudent for me to go now. I cannot determine what [steps] to take at present: I wish you could advise me. I am [afraid] of being an incumbrance to this good family as my * * * other is for me, but I strive all in my power [to make] it as light as I can, when Mrs. Greene in a jocose [way mentio]ned our mounting our na[gs to go] and see you * * * I am re-

joiced that your children and family are well. I have before heard of your young Hercules; my niece was so good as to write me one long letter about the children and Ben Franklin, one for himself, of which I wrote you to England. You say nothing about *him;* he appeared to me to be an extraordinary child—I answered his letter but he does not continue the correspondence.

I could have wished you had been left to your own option to have assisted in public affairs, so as not to fatigue you too much; but as your talents are superior to most other men's, I can't help requiring your country should enjoy the benefit of them while you live, but can't bear the thought of your going to England again, as has been suggested here, and one sentence in your letter seems to favour. You positively must not go; you have served the public in that way beyond what any other man can boast till you are now come to a good old age, and some younger men must now take that painful service upon them. Don't go, pray, don't go; you certainly may do as much good here as circumstances are at present, and possibly the Congress may not think it proper to send since those late transactions of the army. I am so much at a loss to know whether the news I hear be true or no, that perhaps I had better leave it to other hands; but my daughter wrote me last week from Roxbury that on our army's firing cannon that reached into the fortification and killed six men, Gen. Gage sent out

word we had better not proceed to extremities, for the King had sent for two of the men-of-war home. I left my daughter in so much fear that she could not sleep on nights, but she now writes me (from the same place) that she hopes all things and fears nothing. The reason she imagines, because she sees all about her in the same disposition.

The family he[re are] well and almost as numerous. Mrs. Greene says she will [write]. I only add my love to all your children and grand-children, [and that] I am as ever your most affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

Our men have taken three islands, and brought off eight hundred sheep and cattle off one, and other five hundred sheep and cattle off the others, and a man-of-war's barge with some men. Col. Robinson has taken Coney Island, and brought off two hundred sheep and some cattle, and eight men and one young lad, without the loss of a man. Two of the islands were taken last week, and the other this week—July 18. Sickly in Boston—the soldiers and inhabitants die fast. The names of the other Islands, Deer Island and Petleks.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your letter which [I] had the pleasure of receiving gave me great pleasure, as it gave me a fresh proof of your own dear self; and being once more on the same land with us, your dear good sister grew

very impatient till she heard from you and began to fear you were not come. She was kind enough to show me her letter, and you are fearful she will be troublesome, but be assured that her company richly pays as she goes along, and we are very happy together, and shall not consent to spare her to anybody but her dear brother, were he to stay at home and be positive; but if you are to journey we must have her, for she is my mamma and friend; and I tell her that we are rich, that we have a lot here and another there, and have three or four of them, and we divert one another charmingly. Do come and see us, certain! Don't think of going home[1] again. Do sit down and enjoy the remainder of your days in peace. [I] have just been engaged in something that prevents my writing, as I designed to have done. I hope next time I write to be more mys[elf. My] kind love to D * * * and Mrs. Bache and the D * * *

Affectionate friend as long as life,

CATY GREENE.

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[1] England was thus called in the American colonies.

FROM MRS. CATHERINE GREENE.

WARWICK, July y^e^ 3d, 1776.

MY DEARLY BELOV'D FRIEND:

I gladly once more welcome you to your own home, though I lament the occasion; hope by this time you have recovered your health and the fatigue of so disagreeable a jour., and have resumed the cheerful, agreeable BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Pray God to preserve you long a blessing to your family, friends, and injured country.

We have disagreeable accounts from New York and Quebec, but still hope there is virtue and stability enough in our friends to send our enemies ashamed to their own homes, and be simple bread and water the portion of their chief, and that in a dungeon. But I reflect, are not such guilty consciences punishment enough? I'll leave them to a higher Power, and to our agreeable correspond. which has been so long barr'd. I think your last favour is Jan'y 27th, a long while indeed. But you have been sick and in a strange land.[1] Do give sister some little account of it, and she will give it to me, for she is a dear good woman, and I know you have not time.

In yours you wrote that you had put Ray to Latin school, which we were much pleased with, as we pro-

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[1] Canada.

posed giving him learning if his capacity was good enough, of which, being parents, we did not think ourselves judges. Mr. Greene was just in since my writing, and designed to have wrote himself to you, but 'tis a severe drought with us, and [he] has a number of people making hay, so that [he] is obliged to be with them, but desires his kind regards to you, and many thanks for your care of his boy, and says he hopes you will call upon him for money whenever you think fit, for he does not love large sums against him, and would be glad to know what sum would carry him through college; and if you think it best for him to come home this vacancy, whether he would be willing to go again or not. I could deny myself any pleasure for my children's advantage. Those at home with Jenny and the family are all well, and join in respects to you. I don't know, but think Jenny is like to get one of our best matches. You are so good a friend to matrimony that you will be glad to hear of it. I could run much faster, but fear the post will be gone. So I bid you day-day. God bless you.

Your friend that loves you dearly,

CATY GREENE.

Brother Hubbard desires his love to all.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH FRANKLIN.

(WIFE OF GOV. FRANKLIN.)

AMBOY, Aug. 6, 1776.

HON'D SIR:

Your favour by my son I received safe, and should have done myself the honour of answering it by the first post after, but I have been of late much indisposed. I am infinitely obliged to you for the 60 dollars, and as soon as Mr. Pettit settles his account with me, I will punctually repay you.

My troubles do indeed lie heavy on my mind, and tho' many people may suffer still more than I do, yet that does not lessen the weight of mine, which are really more than so weak a frame is able to support. I will not distress you by enumerating all my afflictions, but alow me, dear sir, to mention that it is greatly in your power to relieve them. Suppose that Mr. Franklin would sign a parole not dishonourable to himself and satisfactory to Governor Trumbull,[1] why may he not be premitted to return into this Province and to his family? Many of the officers that have been taken during the war have had that indulgence shown them, and why should it be denied to him? His private affairs are unsettled, his family distressed, and he is living very uncomfortably and at a great expense, which he can very ill afford at

[1] Of Connecticut, in which State Gov. Franklin was detained.

present. Consider, my dear and honoured sir, that I am now pleading the cause of your son and my beloved husband. If I have said or done any thing wrong, I beg to be forgiven. I am with great respect, honoured sir,

Your dutiful and affect. daughter,

ELIZA. FRANKLIN.

FROM MRS. CATHERINE GREENE.

WARWICK, Oct. y^e^ 1st [1776].

MY DEAR FRIEND:

You will be glad to hear of our getting home safe which we did Friday night, being nine and a half days on our journey, ten on the road, lay by one through a careless trick of Catherine's; but as I don't choose to lessen her in your esteem, shall not tell the particulars. I wrote you from New Rochelle after we had passed the troubled waters, which [I] hope you have received. After that, had nothing remarkable, except at the public houses wonderful accounts from New York, such as was never there supposed. We came from New Haven to Hartford, and then to Windham, and then to Providence, where we delivered our treasure, meeting with no other trouble with it than the bulk and heft. We there heard of Celia's having the small-pox finely at Medfield, and was expected to be out in a day or two. Called upon a few friends and came home, where we were so joy-

fully received as was worth taking the journey for, had we had no other pleasure. They said they had all been very clever, and said there had been but one or two disagreeable things had happened, which [I] desired not to hear of.

Coming from your house, at first I hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry you were not at home, as the parting from those we love is sorrow; but when I pleased myself with the wish you had to run away from hurry and come to New England, I was sorry, as I wanted you to strengthen the hope, but not without you could pass the North River with great safety, and you could be made very comfortable on the road; and then I could wish you to take your dear sister with you, whose heart is so divided between so good a brother and a distressed daughter, that though she appears cheerful [she] is very unhappy, and for fear of making her friends so, keeps all to herself. She is a dear, good woman, and in whatever could contribute to her happiness I should do it willingly. Our best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Bache, Benny, and dear little Willy. All of you I long to feast with us on fine peaches and pears, and baked sweet apples, all of which we have in great plenty. Uncle Philip is here, the person you visited with me, and adds his love, as do Jenny, Phœbe, and Ray, who is a good boy, as is Sammy and other children. I am, with due respects, and as much love as you wish, your friend,

CATY GREENE.

Be kind enough to give our love to Mr. Ellery, and mention our getting home well. Mr. Greene would have wrote, but has company. We feasted upon you a great deal since we left your house, for all there is but such a morsel of you left. Poor Dr. Babcock, with Mr. Collins, the gentleman that was to come to us, was at New York at the time the city was given up. The Doct'r ran and lost his horse for a time. Mr. Collins got over the Jersey side, and left both his horses; but the Doct'r got his again. One of our officers had rode it off.

I asked Gen'l Greene if there was any prospect of our prisoners being released from Quebec. He says it lays with the Congress. Do, my dear friend, if there is any exchanging them, let it be done, for they have passed through such amazing hardships * * * as makes it necessary for their country to [bestir th]emselves in their case.

When I say or write too freely, tell me.

FROM MRS. BACHE.[1]

GOSHEN, February 23d, 1777.

HONOURED SIR:

We have been impatiently waiting to hear of your arrival for some time. It was seventeen weeks yesterday since you left us, a day I never shall forget. How happy shall we be to hear you are all safe ar-

[1] This letter is directed to Paris.

rived and well. You had not left us long before we were obliged to leave town. I never shall forget or forgive them for turning me out of house and home in the middle of winter, and we are still about twenty-four miles from Philad'a, in Chester county, the next plantation to where Mr. Ashbridge used to live. We have two comfortable rooms, and we are as happily situated as I can be, separated from Mr. Bache: he comes to see us as often as his business will permit. Your library we sent out of town, well packed in boxes, a week before us; and all the valuable things, mahogany excepted, we brought with us. There was such confusion that it was a hard matter to get out at any rate; when we shall get back again I know not, tho' things are altered much in our favour since we left town.[1] I think I shall never be afraid of staying in it again, if the enemy were only three miles instead of thirty from it, since our cowards, as Lord Cornwallis calls them, are so ready to turn out against those heroes, who were to conquer all before them, but have found themselves so much mistaken that courage never brought them to Trenton till they heard our army were disbanded. I send you the newspapers, but as they do not always speak true, and as there may be some particulars in Mr. Bache's letters to me that are not in them, I will copy those parts of his letters that contain the news. I think, too, you will have it more regular.

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[1] By the battles of Trenton and Princeton.

Aunt has wrote to you, and sent it to town. She is very well, and desires her love to you and Temple. We have wished much for him here when we have been a little dull; he would have seen some characters here quite new to him. It's lucky for us Mr. George Clymer's, Mr. Meredith's, and Mr. Budden's families are moved so near us; they are sensible and agreeable, and we are not often alone. I have refused dining at Mr. Clymer's to-day that I might have the pleasure of writing to you and my dear boy,[1] who I hope behaves so as to make you love him; we used to think he gave little trouble at home, but that was perhaps a mother's partiality. I am in great hopes that the first letter of Mr. Bache will bring me news of your arrival. I shall then have cause to rejoice.

I am, my dear papa, as much as ever,

Your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

S. Bache.

FROM MRS. ELIZA PARTRIDGE.

Boston, Oct. 28, 1777.

Hon'd and Dear Uncle:

I with pleasure embrace this opportunity to present my sincere wishes that this may meet you in the enjoyment of high health, and that felicity that

[1] Her eldest child, Benjamin F. Bache, who had accompanied his grandfather to Europe.

must ever attend your unremitted endeavours to serve your country, and to congratulate you on the signal success that heaven has granted to the American arms! On the 17th day of October, General Burgoyne with his whole army, consisting of 5752, surrendered prisoners of war to General Gates, and they are now on their way to Boston in order to take their passage for England. [I send] the paper that has the Articles of Capitulation, and some extracts from a letter of Col. Nixon, which gives a particular acc'nt of the killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Aunt Mecom is at Coventry with her granddaughter, Mrs. Greene; and Mrs. Collis[1] is with her: they are all well. Our friend Mrs. Greene and family are well; she, with her son and daughter, left Boston yesterday.

Mr. Partridge and our daughter present their dutiful respects to you. My brother and sister are well, and would send their love and duty if they knew I was writing.

That peace may soon be restored to this once happy clime, and you returned to your friends crowned with every blessing, and I once more enjoy the happiness of a *tête-à-tête* with you, is the ardent wish of,

Dear sir, your affectionate niece,

ELIZA PARTRIDGE.

The gentleman that delivers this is Mr. Loring Aus-

[1] Mrs. Mecom's daughter.

tin, of this town; he is a distant relation of ours. I don't doubt his merit will engage your kind notice. A line from you will give great pleasure to your affectionate niece,

E. P.

FROM MR. BACHE.

PHILADELPHIA, July 14, 1778.

DEAR AND HON'D SIR:

Once more I have the happiness of addressing you from this dearly beloved city, after having been kept out of it more than nine months. I have had the pleasure of hearing frequently from you of late. The last is dated the 25th April, wherein you tell me that you have had no letter from me since June, 1777. I hope, my dear sir, you don't suspect that Sally and I have been so remiss as not to have wrote you in all this time. She has wrote you two or three letters—I have wrote at least a dozen—which, considering that our situation has not been very stationary, is pretty well; but our letters have been unfortunate. I was ignorant of Mr. John Adams' departure, or should have wrote by him. Sally is yet in the country, and does not intend coming to town till the hot weather be over, on account of her little girl. I heard from them yesterday, and they were well. I found your house and furniture upon my return to town in much better order than I had any reason to expect

from the hands of such a rapacious crew; they stole and carried off with them some of your musical instruments, viz., a Welsh harp, ball harp, the set of tuned bells which were in a box, viol-de-gambs, all the spare armonica glasses, and one or two spare cases; your armonica is safe. They took likewise the few books that were left behind, the chief of which were Temple's school-books, and the history of the Arts and Sciences in French, which is a great loss to the public; some of your electric apparatus is missing also. A Captain André also took with him the picture of you which hung in the dining-room. The rest of the pictures are safe, and met with no damage, except the frame of Alfred, which is broke to pieces; in short, considering the hurry in which we were obliged to leave the town, Sally's then situation, and the number of things we consequently left behind, we are much better off than I had any reason to expect. I have mentioned in four or five different letters the types you thought were with you from England being sold to the State of Virginia, and that the price of them was left for you to fix, as I knew not the cost or the value of them. I should be glad to hear from you on this subject, that I might receive the money and place it in the funds. Congress have not yet begun to draw for the interest of money borrowed; as soon as they do, I will remit you your bills. Your chest of papers, left with Mr. Galloway, I am told was broke open at Trevoe's, and the papers scattered about; I

shall go up thither to-day or to-morrow to look after them; if I can pick any of them up, shall take care of them. Governor Franklin is upon the point of being exchanged. I have had two or three letters from him informing me that he enjoys better health than he had done in the beginning of his confinement.

Two days ago the French Ambassador arrived. I waited upon him yesterday, and was introduced as your son-in-law. He received me very politely, told me he held dear every connection of yours—this made me not a little vain—told me he had a letter for me which he would wait upon me with, as soon as he had got his baggage on shore. I shall pay every proper respect and attention to your introductions as soon as I am in a situation for it. I cannot help mentioning Mr. Holkar as a gentleman that has made very sensible impressions on me. It would have been a most fortunate event had the fleet arrived three weeks earlier: they would have effectually crushed the British power in this part of the world. I am still in hopes this may be done, but it would have been effected with greater facility had they met the enemy in our bay or river. I am obliged to you for the extracts of letters and other papers sent with yours of the 25th April. I lament much that I do not understand French; I must endeavour to learn it. I have seen Mr. Lutterloh, and spoke to him relative to Count Wittgenstein's demand. He assures me that three months ago he remitted £400 sterling to Mrs. Lutter-

loh in England, with directions to her to remit this amount to the Count, which he says is all he owes him. From the paper you sent me, the Count's demand is more. The Count had better send over a certified account and power of attorney; it may then be in my power to recover the money due him, as Mr. Lutterloh has made a good deal of money in our service, and purchased an estate at Pottsgrove. I have wrote to the Adjutant-general of our army, requesting him to make every inquiry to satisfy the friends of Frederick de Wernecke, and expect soon to receive his answer whether or not such a person is in our service. A gentleman from Germany that lives here, and is acquainted with all the German officers that come over, is of opinion that Captain Wernecke never came to this country, but that he was lost with Mr. Zeller, whom he knew very well.

I shall pay proper attention to the Duchesse de Melfort's Memoire, and endeavour to procure the satisfaction she wants relative to the lands in New Jersey, but this will take up some time. With most cordial love and duty I remain,

Dear and hon'd sir,

Your most affectionate son,

RICH. BACHE.

I wish I could have sent to me from France two dozen of padlocks and keys fit for mails, and a dozen post-horns; they are not to be had here.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

WARWICK, August 15, 1778.

DEAR BROTHER:

I wrote you concerning the enemies' being in possession of Philadelphia. I now congratulate you on their evacuation of it, and that they have done so little damage to the real estate in the city, as I hear from a transient person, for I have had no letter from your children yet to inform me of particulars: no doubt you have suffered much in moveables, but since they have got rid of them, I hope never more to return, that will be the easier to be borne. What success we shall have in expelling them from Rhode Island is uncertain; they have fortified themselves strongly, and, it is said, burnt and sunk all their shipping, since the French fleet came in, which looks as if they intended to fight, as they have no way to escape. Our army is gone on, what number I don't hear, but there are many volunteers; my grandson[1] and two of his brothers are of that number. Their brother, ye Gen'l, is also there.

Mr. Hancock heads an independent company from Boston, of which it is said that there is not a man among them worth less than ten thousand pounds sterling. I hope they will have their desired success

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[1] Meaning Mr. Greene, who married her granddaughter. His brother was Gen. Nathaniel Greene.

for the sake of the whole community, and a little for my own, for I have lived in constant jeopardy since the spring, when my children removed from Coventry to this place, where we are much exposed and have been under constant apprehension. I have been part of the time at the Governor's, but it was full as bad there, for they offered a reward for taking him. You will acknowledge that this is rather worse than being harried about by one's friends, yet I doubt not but that is troublesome to you, who are so desirous of retirement. I fear you will never be suffered to enjoy it. I had a hint from Mr. Williams at the time we received your letters by Mr. Dean, that gave me hopes of your return, but it is all blown over now. I was in hopes of a letter by the other brother, but suppose there was none, or Mr. Bache would have sent it ere now. I do not wonder if you are discouraged from writing to me, for I fear you have never received any of my letters but the one you mention that was to have gone by my son Collas, and I think I have sent seven. I always sent them through the hands of Mr. Bache or Mr. Williams, but two of them happened to go by my son Collas, and we suppose he is taken again. He has had nothing but misfortune, and the sickness; but it is very disagreeable to me to write troubles and difficulties, and I have in other letters informed you of his being a prisoner at New York a long time—has since been twice taken—once driven back in port by storm, to refit, which was the

means of his having two of my letters to you. I had wrote many things about your children and their children, which I knew you would be glad to hear. I cannot now so much as say they are well. I wrote you of our friend Greene's being Governor, that Ray was at Mr. Moody's school and comes on bravely with his learning, that their eldest daughter was married to Major Ward. * * * * I write this with great reluctance, but as you desired me to inform you of my circumstances as well as health and situation, it will not be confiding in you as such a friend as you have always been to me, and perhaps the only disinterested one I have in the world, to keep it back. I did some time ago write you that my expenses from Philadelphia had cost me seventy dollars; that the price of one pair of shoes here was as much as I could buy seven pair for, of the same sort, when I was in Boston; but I then wrote a mistake, for they asked me six dollars for a pair such as I used to buy for half a dollar a pair by the dozen in Boston, but I buy as little as possible. I also wrote you that what money I had, amounting to four hundred dollars, I had put to interest, only reserving for necessary use; that I live comfortably with my grandchildren and have my health, but no income but what that little money produces, which, however, I should do very well with were it not for this dreadful affair. * * *

I intended to have said a great deal to you about many other things, but my spirits feel so depressed

and I have such horrid pens and paper, I shall only add my love to your grandson from

Your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

If we have the good fortune to drive the enemy from Newport, I hope to be able to be one of your first informers and write in another manner.

J. M.

FROM MRS. BACHE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 22, 1778.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR:

This is the first opportunity I have had since my return home of writing to you. We found the house and furniture in much better order than we could expect, which was owing to the care the Miss Cliftons took of all we left behind; my being removed four days after my little girl was born, made it impossible for me to remove half the things we did in our former flight. I have much to tell you, but my little girl has the small-pox just coming out, and a good deal restless, tho' in a fine way; she takes up most of my time, as I have none but a very young girl to attend her. She is a fine brown lass, but her sparkling black eyes make up for her skin, and when in health she has a good colour. I would give a good deal you could see her; you can't think how fond of

kissing she is, and gives such old-fashioned smacks, General Arnold says he would give a good deal to have her for a school-mistress to teach the young ladies how to kiss.

M. Gerard[1] has been several times to see us, and has dined with us; we like him very much; he promises to be very friendly and come often; he brought me one of your clay pictures; the one you sent me, since I received the other, I gave to Mr. Hopkinson, who admires it very much and loves you; he is going to frame and glaze it. I promised him when in Manheim to send to you for one. We have not long been returned home. I chose to stay in the country on the children's account till the summer was over, and if it had suited Mr. Bache's business it would have been better to have stayed there altogether; there is hardly such a thing as living in town, every thing is so high the money is old tenor to all intents and purposes. If I was to mention the prices of the common necessaries of life, it would astonish you. I have been all amazement since my return, such an odds have two years made that I can scarcely believe I am in Philadelphia. This time twelvemonth when I was in town, I never went out or bought any thing, leaving it till I got up again, expecting we should stay, so that we ran away quite unprovided. I had two pieces of linen at the weaver's; it has been there

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[1] The Minister from France.

these eighteen months, and if it had not been for my friends [I] must have suffered, as it could not be brought where we were. I should tell you that I had seven table-cloths of my own spinning, chiefly wove before we left Chester county; it was what we were spinning when you went. I find them very useful and they look very well, but they now ask four times as much for weaving as they used to ask for the linen, and flax not to be got without hard money. I am going to write to cousin Jonathan Williams to purchase me linen for common sheets; buying them here is out of the question: they really ask me six dollars for a pair of gloves, and I have been obliged to pay fifteen pounds fifteen shillings for a common calamanco petticoat without quilting, that I once could have got for fifteen shillings. I buy nothing but what I really want, and wore out my silk ones before I got this. I do not mention these things by way of complaint: I have much less reason to complain than most folks I know; besides, I find I can go without many things I once thought absolutely necessary. I shall write to Temple by this opportunity; Mr. Bache, who sincerely loves him and wishes him every kind of happiness, has been a good deal distressed whether or not he should mention to you what he has heard about him, as it was a delicate subject, but he, as well as your other friends, thought it best you should know what is doing on this side the water. What wicked things pride and ambition make people

do! but I hope these envious men will be disappointed in every scheme of theirs to lessen your character or to separate you from those you love. Your knowing their intentions in time may be a means of disappointing them in their plan.

I have wrote to dear little Ben. It makes me happy to hear he behaves so well. Mr. Deane gives him a very good character. Willy is a fine fellow, and is just gone to a new school. Smith acted such a part last winter, besides the Trustees are almost all Tories, that his papa is not willing he should go to the Academy. He went to a German school at Manheim,[1] there being no other, and Mr. Morris bringing his family to town two months before us, left with nothing but Dutch boys to play with; so that he learnt to speak their language very fluently, but I am afraid he will lose it here. As soon as my little Betsy gets well, I will sit down and give you a little history of every thing about the house. The chest of papers you left with Mr. Galloway, Mr. B. went up about. Bob brought them to town; the lid was broken open and some few taken off the top. Mr. B. collected those about the floor, had it nailed up, and they are all safe here. Mr. Galloway took not the least care of them, and used you, as he did everybody else, very ill. Honest Pritchard has made a little fortune, and gone home to Wales: he talks of returning. He came

[1] In Lancaster county, Pa.

to Manheim last winter and paid me the whole of his account.

There are so many have desired to be remembered to you that it's impossible to name them all, but Willy's duty, with Betty's and mine, I must beg you to accept.

Being as ever,

Your dutiful daughter,

S. Bache.

FROM MRS. ELIZA PARTRIDGE.

Boston, Oct. 24, 1778.

Hon'd and ever dear Papa:

Allow me to address you by that tender appellation which you once entitled me to use, and to thank you for your agreeable favour of Feb. 28. Could you know the pleasure that every line from you gave me, I flatter myself I should be oftener indulged with hearing from you, as I know you delight in communicating pleasure even to the undeserving.

I waited a long time to give you an account of some signal success of our arms, but the letter I wrote you with the account of the Monmouth battle and Gen'l Lee's disgrace was taken. I again enclose the paper, as there is a probability that it may not have reached you.

I love, I almost adore the French ladies for their kindness to you; but let me entreat you, my dear

papa, not to let that influence you to stay one day longer in France than the service of your country requires; believe me there are hundreds here as agreeable that are impatient to render you every service. I have one very amiable girl that, with her mamma, longs to see and converse with you. She desires I would present her respectful regards to you.

I had the pleasure to hear from Aunt Mecom a few days since. She, with your niece and all our other friends there, were well. I hear by a gentleman from Philad'a that cousin Bache and family were well, and that she has another fine baby, on which I congratulate you. I wish there was a thousand of them, and all as good as I think their grandpapa.

I enclose you the late papers, and there is nothing new but what they contain, except that it is generally believed that the King's troops are leaving New York.

I send you all the news I can collect, and you once told me there was no trade without a return; then, sir, let me beg the favour of you, if you have any thing new that is proper to be known, that you would communicate it to me. My best friend is a sincere friend to the liberties of his country, anxiously concerned for her welfare, and curious in his inquiries, so that to have an opportunity to give him satisfaction will quite double the pleasure I feel.

Mr. Partridge presents his respectful regards to you, and would think himself happy in an acquaintance with you. I am not yet out of hopes of your

fulfilling your promise of spending eight or ten days with us in the little room on the wall.

Brother and sister desire their affectionate regards may be presented to you. That watchful angels may guard your precious life, and that health and every other blessing may attend you, is the earnest prayer of, dear sir,

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZA PARTRIDGE.

P. S. You have told me that postscripts were generally more attended to than the letter. I therefore take the liberty in a postscript to beg the favour of your picture in miniature, of a size proper to wear on the neck, in as good a frame as you can get (I wish I could afford to decorate it with diamonds), and let me know the cost and I will remit it to you with grateful thanks.

E. P.

January 2, 1779.

The enclosed petition is from our worthy friend, Mr. John Green. Any service that you can render him in his way will be serving the public, and very much oblige one of the best of men and your humble servant. Though this scrawl waited so long for a conveyance, I have nothing new but what the enclosed papers furnish, and the compliments of the season.

FROM MRS. BACHE.

PHILADELPHIA, January 17, 1779.

DEAR AND HONOURED PAPA:

I did myself the pleasure of writing a long letter to you very lately, but am afraid it is taken, as I believe many of yours are. I am unwilling to think you neglect us, though Mr. Ingersoll's coming from France without letters from you has given me great uneasiness. He lodged, too, in the same house with little Ben, and not a line from him. I hope soon, however, to be made happy with letters from you all. The present you sent me this month two years, I received a few weeks ago; 'tis a prize, indeed. It came open, without direction or letter, and has come through three or four hands. I have received six pairs of gloves, nine papers of needles, a bundle of thread, and five papers of pins. I beg if you or Temple remember what was sent, you will let me know. The last person to whose care they were given left them at a hair-dresser's, with directions not to send them to me till he was gone. Their being all opened makes me suspect I have not all; what I have received makes me rich. I thought them long ago in the enemies' hands. The prices of every thing here are so much raised that it takes a fortune to feed a family in a very plain way: a pair of gloves 7 dollars, one yard of common gauze 24 dollars, and there never was so much dressing and pleasure going on; old friends

meeting again, the Whigs in high spirits, and strangers of distinction among us. I have taken the liberty of sending a small list to you by Col. Crenis. Mr. Bache has sent bills to Jonathan Williams for many things for me and the family, but I have had some other little wants since that time. The Minister was kind enough to offer me some fine white flannel, and has spared me eight yards. I wish to have it in my power to return as good to him, which I beg you will enable me to do. I shall have great pride in wearing any thing you send, and showing it as my father's taste. I have dined at the Minister's, spent an evening at Mr. Holker's, and have lately been several times invited abroad with the General and Mrs. Washington. He always inquires after you in the most affectionate manner, and speaks of you highly. We danced at Mrs. Powell's your birth-day, or night I should say, in company together, and he told me it was the anniversary of his marriage; it was just twenty years that night.[1]

My boy and girl are in health: the latter has ten teeth, can dance, sing, and make faces, tho' she cannot talk, except the word *no* and *be done*, which she makes great use of. She is Ben over again, except a larger mouth. How happy I should be to see her seated on your knee! She is just such a plaything as Will was

[1] It has been lately stated that the exact date of Gen. Washington's marriage is unknown. This letter fixes it upon the 17th of January, 1759.

when you came home last. I must tell you a little anecdote of him, and ask you if it is not time to teach him a little religion. He had heard a foolish girl that lived with me say that there was a death-watch in the room, and one of the family would soon die. He had not been long in bed before he came down in his shirt, screaming. I soon sent him up, and asking him in the morning how he could behave so, and what was the matter, he told me he thought death was coming. I was so frightened, says he, that I sweat all over, and I jumped out of bed and prayed up to Hercules. I asked him what he said? Down he went on his knees, with uplifted hands (I think I never saw such a picture of devotion), and repeated the Lord's prayer. Now, whether it is best to instruct him in a little religion, or let him pray a little longer to Hercules, I should be glad to have your opinion.

Mr. Duffield's family desired when I wrote to remember them to you; the youngest daughter I have introduced this winter to the Assembly. She is like the mother. The Ambassador told me he thought her a great acquisition to the Assembly. They lodge with us when in town.

I have a piece of American silk which I shall send to you for the Queen. It will make me happy if she condescends to wear it. It shall come by the first safe opportunity. I showed it to M. Gerard, whose opinion was that it would be acceptable. I wish much that he had brought his lady with him. I should be

tempted to learn French if she was among us. He is very much beloved here. I feel a veneration for him, mixed with so much affection, that when he was confined by indisposition I went uninvited with Mr. Bache to see him. Mr. B. wrote to you this morning. My brother was well at N. York about a week ago. If Col. Crenis does not go away early I will write to Temple. This is all the paper I have, and it is Sunday. Remember me to dear Ben. I long for another little French letter.

I am, my dear sir,

With great affection,

Your dutiful daughter,

S. BACHE.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

WARWICK, Feb. 14, 1779.

MY DEAR, DEAR BROTHER:

Myself and children have always been a heavy tax upon you, but your great and uncommon goodness has carried you cheerfully on under it, and we have all along enjoyed many of the comforts of life through your bounty we must otherwise have done without. It has pleased God to diminish us fast, and thereby your expenses and care of us. * * * * It has now pleased God to take poor Peter. * * * * His mouth was opened just before his death to com-

mit himself to the mercy of God, and with a blessing on those about him, and sunk into eternity without a groan. Mr. Williams has kindly and faithfully taken the care of every thing concerning him in my absence. I now thank you and him. What could I have done without either of you? You have supplied the means, he has taken the care. May God reward you and make you happy in your own posterity. I wrote you about six weeks ago by a neighbor of Governor Greene's, Mr. Wanton Casey. I hope you will receive some of the many I write, and that I shall not always be deprived of the pleasure of yours to me, which has been so long obstructed; the last I received was by Mr. Simeon Dean. Cousin Jonathan Williams was so good as to write me you were well and in good spirits, which I had the good fortune to receive, tho' unfortunate in losing a present of tea he had sent me, which was much aggravated by my poor, wretched son-in-law's[1] being the bearer, who was taken the fourth time since the commencement of the war. I fear his poor, lonely wife has given herself up to despair, as she is apt to sink under trouble, and I can no otherways account for her long silence to me. She used to write often, and I have not had a line from her since the 27th Sept. * * * * Pardon my writing you these apprehensions. I do not take pleasure in giving you an uneasy thought, but it gives

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[1] Captain Collas.

some relief to unbosom one's self to a dear friend, as you have been to me. Father, husband, brother, and children, may I not live to be deprived of all in you, but you live to see the happiness of your children's children confirmed, and a happy peace in America, prays y'r affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

Feb. 27.

Since I wrote the above I have received a letter from my son Collas from Nants; says he has seen you, that you are well. I have also received one from his wife, who has been sick, but now pretty well; has received some things her husband sent her.

J. M.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

WARWICK, June 23, 1779.

DEAR BROTHER:

As I would not omit writing you by an opportunity which I expect especial care will be taken to deliver, I have complied with a request made me by Mr. Casey, whose son I wrote by last fall, in favour of a Mr. Elkanah Watson, Col. Watson's son of Plymouth. I have gave him to understand I will inform you what he says of the young gentleman (which is, that he served an apprenticeship with Mr. John Brown of Providence, who gives him a very good character, and

that his father is a man of a plentiful estate), and I tell him if he has merit, he may be able to recommend himself.

I have wrote you many letters (some of which I hope you have received) informing you of every thing concerning me worthy your attention. I have not yet received a line from you since that by Mr. Simeon Dean, but, bless God, I now and then hear of your health and glorious achievements in the political way, as well as in the favour of the ladies ("since you have rubbed off the mechanic rust and commenced complete courtier") who, Jonathan Williams writes me, claim from you the tribute of an embrace, and it seems you do not complain of the tax as a very great penance.

We have just heard that the fleet of transports are arrived at Baltimore. I hope my poor unfortunate son-in-law Collas is so far safe among them, and, as I heard Jonathan Williams was coming with them, hope for letters from you by him. We have great news of the defeat of the Britons at Carolina; which we hope is true, but have had no printed account of it yet.

God grant this may put a final stop to their ravages; my grandson, whom I am with, lives where we have frequent alarms. They have come and taken off the stock about three quarters of a mile distant, and burnt houses a few miles from us, but hitherto we are preserved.

I have as much health as can be expected in common for one of my years, and live in a very pleasant place, though not grand as I suppose yours is; it gives me great delight. The family is kind and courteous, my grandson is a man of sound sense and solid judgment, and I take much pleasure in his conversation, though he talks but little. They have one child which they call Sally. Gov^{r} Green, and family are well. I had wrote you their eldest daughter was married to Gov^{r} Ward's son: they have now a fine son. Ray is still at Mr. Moody's school, a promising youth.

I see few persons here of your acquaintance, which deprives me of much pleasure I used to have in conversing about you; but I now and then see something in the papers which pleases me, in particular their placing you alone in one of the arches at the exhibition made on the anniversary of the French Treaty.

Mr. Casey calls for the letter, and that puts all else I designed to write out of my mind, only to beg to hear particularly about Temple and Ben, and that I am ever

Your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

The inclosed copy comes to my hand, which I send, lest you should not have received the other.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

WARWICK, July 27, 1779.

DEAR BROTHER:

I have after a long year received your kind letter of Nov. 26, 1778, wherein you, like yourself, do all for me that the most affectionate brother can be desired or expected to do, and though I feel myself full of gratitude for your generosity, the conclusion of your letter affects me more, where you say you wish we may spend our last days together. O my dear brother, if this could be accomplished, it would give me more joy than any thing on this side Heaven could possibly do. I feel the want of a suitable conversation—I have but little here. I think I could assume more freedom with you now, and convince you of my affection for you. I have had time to reflect and see my error in that respect. I suffered my diffidence and the awe of your superiority to prevent the familiarity I might have taken with you, and ought, and [which] your kindness to me might have convinced me would be acceptable; but it is hard overcoming a natural propensity, and diffidence is mine.

I was, in a few months after I wrote you the letter to which yours is the answer, relieved of my distress, as I have since informed you that if any of my letters to you must be lost, I wish it might be that, as I knew it must give you pain; but as you have received that,

I am not out of hopes the next, or at least some of them, have since come to your hand, though those I have wrote by particular persons who have desired to be introduced to your notice, I have wrote in a hurry, and commonly just after a long one containing all the particulars I wished to inform you of, that it is likely the most insignificant have reach you and the others are lost.

I received a letter from Mr. Bache lately. He says they have had no letter from you or their son above a year, the last from Temple, and that dated in November. His was June 23d; they were all well then: Jonathan Williams expected, but not arrived.

It is a very happy circumstance that you enjoy your health so perfectly; it is a blessing vouchsafed to me also, except some trifling interruption and that but seldom, which I good deal attribute to my observation of your former admonitions respecting fresh air and diet; for, whatever you may think, every hint of yours appeared of too much consequence to me to be neglected or forgotten, as I always knew every thing you said had a meaning.

The few friends I have here flock about me when I receive a letter, and are much disappointed that they contain no politics. I tell them you dare not trust a woman politics, and perhaps that is the truth; but if there is any thing we could not possibly misconstrue or do mischief by knowing from you, it will gratify us mightily if you add a little to your future kind letters.

Mr. Collas met a man in the street and sent my letter. I have had no line from [him] or his wife, so do not know his inclination concerning the crown soap, but shall as soon as possible make some to send to you, but fear whether that can be till the new wax comes in, for I have tried shops and acquaintances here and cannot procure any: the country people put it in their summer candles. I have desired cousin Williams to try to pick up a little in the shops there, and shall try at Providence. I am sorry to be deprived of the pleasure of gratifying you, but my power was always small, though my will was good. Your friends Greene are well, and he gives satisfaction in his office. They have both written to you since the date of yours to me. They are happy to hear of your health and success. My grandson and daughter send their duty to you; they are a happy couple; have one child, called Sally. He is a sensible and very industrious man, and she a very good wife. Both treat me very kindly, and I believe I am as happy as it is common for a human being; what is otherwise proceeds from my own impatience.

That God may grant what you hope for in the conclusion of your letter, is the prayer of your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

WARWICK, Sept. 12, 1779.

DEAR BROTHER:

I have now before me yours of Nov. 26, 1778, brought me by my unfortunate son Collas, and one of April 22, 1779. The first I answered some time ago, but as you may not receive it, I now renew my thanks for it and the benefits there bestowed and confirmed in the other. Mr. Williams writes me he is ready to comply with your desire, but as Mr. Collas does not see any other way to settle on shore, it does not appear to me it will in any measure do to support a family. It would be a great help when we could convince people they have been deceived by a miserable imitation, and that no one else can make the true soap; but that would be a work of time, and there will be no wax to be had till after frost comes. I did, by laying out every way, procure a small cake, and made a little, but not of the very best possible, as you desired, owing to some unavoidable impediments, but sent it notwithstanding, as it will answer for your own use and Temple's, but would wish you not to make any presents of it, as I had not conveniency to make but half the materials I procured. I hope the other will answer your wish, and shall make it and send it by the first opportunity. I desired Collas to mark it No. 1, that you might know which it is, if both come to hand.

Your very affectionate and tender care of me all along in life excites my warmest gratitude, which I cannot even think on without tears. What manifold blessings I enjoy beyond many of my worthy acquaintance, who have been driven from their home, lost their interest, and some have the addition of lost health, and one the grievous torment of a cancer, and no kind brother to support her,[1] while I am kindly treated by all about me, and ample provision made for me when I have occasion.

You could not have received information of the death of my son Peter, when you wrote the last I have received, as I had it not myself till twenty days after the date of mine which you then received. I hope some others I wrote afterwards are come to your hand. I cannot but take great pleasure in hearing you enjoy so much health, and could wish you had no occasion for the remedy of those fits of the gout you are sometimes exercised with. I fear you feel pain enough when under them to consider it as a disease, or, as we sometimes say, worse. The respect and friendship of all sensible people, wherever you go, I am sure you cannot fail of, but it is a great satisfaction to have a number of them so near you that you may take your own time to go to them. I have not the privilege of one neighbor nearer than two miles, but we have many agreeable people come to visit us, and I am always contented at home, and

[1] Sally Hatch, Col. Hatch's sister, who went off with y^e^ Britons.

pleased to go abroad when sent for; otherways I can-not go, for our people have no carriage, and I ha'n't courage to ride a horse.

You say Temple is still with you, and I hope the same dutiful and affectionate child and agreeable companion. Remember my love to him; but poor Ben, how will he support the loss of you both? Was he willing to go?[1] I had lately a letter from Mrs. Bache; she makes no mention of it, but I suppose they will cheerfully acquiesce in what you think for the best. Our friends here are well, and desire to be dutifully remembered to you. I heard the Governor's wife say she would write. When shall I have any foundation for the hope that we shall again meet and spend our last days together? America knows your consequence too well to permit your return, if they can possibly prevent it, and your care for the public good will not suffer you to desert them till peace is established, and the dismal sound of fifteen years from the commencement of the war dwells on my mind, which I once heard you say it might last. If it does, it is not likely I shall last so long, but that you may continue in health and usefulness is the constant prayer of y'r affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

P. S. I have no instruments to stamp the soap, but hope that will not depreciate its value.

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[1] B. F. Bache had been sent to Geneva to school.

FROM MRS. BACHE.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14, 1779.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR:

Everybody seems to be sorry that M. Gerard is going to leave Philadelphia, but particularly this family, whose esteem he has entirely gained. He is kind enough to take charge of a box of squirrel-skins for Temple, in which is a parcel of newspapers for you, and a piece of homespun silk, which I have long wished to send you for the Queen, whose character I admire, and spoke to M. Gerard last winter about it, but never had an opportunity that I chose to trust it by. I could not presume to ask her acceptance of it from myself, but from you it may be agreeable; it will show what can be sent from America to the looms of France.

We are all well satisfied with your sending Benjamin to Geneva, knowing well that you would do every thing by him for the best; but I cannot help feeling very sensibly when I consider the distance he is removed from you: I wish with all my heart that his brother Will was with you, but much more so that you were with us.

I am indeed much obliged to you for your very kind present. It never could have come at a more seasonable time, and particularly so as they are necessary, and the bills Mr. Bache sent to Mr. Williams with a list have never been heard of. The Minister's

secretary, cousin Williams writes, has taken charge of them from Boston, and he is now expected every hour. But how could my dear papa give me so severe a reprimand for wishing a little finery? he would not, I am sure, if he knew how much I have felt it. Last winter was a season of triumph to the Whigs, and they spent it gaily; you would not have had me, I am sure, stay away from the Ambassadors' or Gerard's entertainments, nor when I was invited to spend the day with General Washington and his lady, and you would have been the last person, I am sure, to have wished to see me dressed with singularity; though I never loved dress so much as to wish to be particularly fine, yet I never will go out when I cannot appear so as to do credit to my family and husband. The Assembly we went to, as Mr. B. was particularly chosen to regulate them; the subscription was 15 pounds; but to a subscription ball, of which there were numbers, we never went to one, tho' always asked. I can assure my dear papa that industry in this house is by no means laid aside; but as to spinning linen, we cannot think of that till we have got that wove which we spun three years ago. Mr. Duffield has bribed a weaver that lives on his farm to weave me eighteen yards, by making him three or four shuttles for nothing, and keeping it a secret from the country people, who will not suffer them to weave for those in town. This is the third weaver's it has been at, and many fair promises I

have had about it. 'Tis not done and whitening, but forty yards of the best remains at Litiz yet, that I was to have had home a twelvemonth last month. Mrs. Keppele, who is gone to Lancaster, is to try to get it done there for me, but not a thread will they weave but for hard money. My maid is now spinning wool for winter stockings for the whole family, which will be no difficulty in the manufacturing, as I knit them myself. I only mention these things that you may see that the balls are not the only reason that the wheel is laid aside. I did not mention the feathers and pins as necessaries of life, as my papa seems to think. I meant that as common necessaries were so dear, I could not afford to get any thing that was not, and begged he would send me a few of the others; nor should I have had such wishes, but being in constant hope that things would soon return to their former channel, I kept up my spirits, and wished to mix with the world; but that hope with me is now entirely over, and this winter approaches with so many horrors that I shall not want any thing to go abroad in, if I can be comfortable at home. My spirits, which I have kept up during my being drove about from place to place, much better than most people's I have met with, have been lowered by nothing but the depreciation of the money, which has been amazing lately, so that home will be the place for me this winter, as I cannot get a common winter cloak and hat, but just decent, under two hundred

pounds: as to gauze, now it is fifty dollars a yard, 'tis beyond my wish, and I should think it not only a shame but a sin to buy it, if I had millions. I should be contented with muslin caps if I could procure them in the winter,—in the summer I went without; and as to cambric, I have none to make lace of. It is indeed as you say, that money is too cheap, for there are so many people that are not used to have it nor know the proper use of it, that get so much that they care not whether they give one dollar or a hundred for any thing they want; but to those whose every dollar is the same as a silver one, which is our case, it is particularly hard, for Mr. B. could not bear to do business in the manner it has been done in this place, which has been almost all by monopolizing and forestalling; however, if he gets business from France, all may yet be well again.

Aunt Mecom was very well lately. I had a letter from her. My little girl has just returned from Mrs. Duffield's; she has gone through the summer charmingly and got all her teeth. I think myself very lucky to have had such a friend. It has been very unhealthy this summer in town, and the houses for many miles round so much destroyed that there was no getting a place to take the children to. All Mr. D.'s family were fond of Betty and very good to her; she loves them quite as well as she does us; I wish with all my heart you could see her and hear her talk: I think she is the favourite of her papa; indeed she is

one of the best behaved little things I ever saw, and quite as grave as Benjamin.

The first time I see General Washington, I shall deliver your message to him; he talked to me several times about you last winter. There have so many people desired me to remember them to you that I know not where to begin, but Mr. Duffield's family and the Miss Cliftons I must not forget, as they were among those who desired to be particularly remembered to you. I am, my very dear papa, with the greatest affection,

Your dutiful daughter,

S. BACHE.

FROM MR. BACHE.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 18, 1779.

* * * * *

I now send you first bills of four sets for another year's interest, amounting to 486 dollars, which I wish safe to your hands; these bills now sell here sixteen for one. I have sold some that I received for interest of my brother's money, at that rate, which in nominal value is almost equal to the original sum deposited in the Loan Office.

* * * * *

I am obliged to you for your recommendations to the merchants of France as a correspondent; my last

letters will inform you that I have formed a connection with Mr. Shee, and established a house for the purpose of doing commission business. I now send you a number of our circular letters, with a request that you will disperse them and return me a list of the merchants you send them to. Our exports of flour and other staple will, I believe, soon take place, and as Congress have come to a resolution to emit no more than a certain sum, and pledged their faith to the United States that it will be so, I trust our money will appreciate by just degrees. As the prices of imported articles bear a proportion with the exports, and leave a considerable profit, I can't see that the adventurer can be affected by the depreciation; and tho' he may not understand the depreciation, if he finds a profit accrue from the voyage equivalent to the risque, his purpose is answered. If from the experiments the merchants of France have made, they have had reason to judge unfavourably of their American connections, and some of them have been induced to think they have been cheated, I am sorry for it. We wish for an opportunity of evincing to them that such connections may be formed with this country in the trading line as will well answer the adventurer's purpose, and reflect honour on the trade and connection.

You made me happy by telling me that you have had a great deal of pleasure in Ben, as well as by the character you give me of him. I am confident your

sending him to Geneva is meant for his benefit, therefore I feel perfectly satisfied with the measure, tho' he is removed at such a distance from under your immediate eye. His mamma and I have wrote to him by this opportunity. We shall be glad to see the letters he writes you, as his correspondence with you will be more frequent probably than with us. We wish you may have leisure to go and see him; the journey may conduce to your health and prolong a life that we affectionately respect and love.

Among the many memoirs you have sent me, I find there is an inquiry after Colonel Fleury. You may acquaint his friends that he is in good health, and that he has gained immortal honour this summer at the attack on Stoney Point, up the North River; being acquainted with him, I will endeavour to prevail on him to write to his friends, but he possesses so much military genius that he cannot pay attention to any thing but the art of war. * * *

[The conclusion of this letter is lost.]

FROM MRS. BACHE.

PHILAD'A, Sept. 26, 1779.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR:

We wrote you fully some days ago, but M. Gerard's staying longer than he expected gives me an opportunity of telling you that we still continue well,

and of sending you some more newspapers; it has been my earnest wish that Mr. G. might be detained a few days longer still, as I wanted him to stand godfather to a little stranger that is hourly expected, and is to be named after one of their Most Christian Majesties. I must beg you, my dear papa, to make the request to him, and desire he will name somebody to stand proxy. In my present situation I could not have it mentioned to him before he left Philad'a.

The Queen has so many names, one of them will be honour enough. I must beg you to say which will be most pleasing to you.[1]

The enclosed petition, and which I could not get off sending, is wrote by a person that came down to Congress from the people of Vermont, about their lands, and has always been employed to represent them, and though he does not want understanding, is one of the greatest oddities in the world. Mr. B. told him it was an improper time when France was doing so much for us, and that all the other towns that were burnt would think their claims to charity equal; that the United States would take the matter up; but he will not be said nay. I would have given a good deal if Temple, who used to delight in originals, had heard him converse and read his petition.

Mr. Bache has been to wait on the new Minister,[2]

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[1] Mrs. Bache's fifth child, *Louis*, was born October 7, 1779.

[2] The Chevalier de la Luzerne.

who told him my things were coming on with his baggage. I wish they would arrive before Mr. G. goes, as he spared me eight yards of fine white flannel last winter, when it was not to be bought, and I wished to return it, but as there is no chance of my having that in my power now, I shall beg the favour of you to return it to him with my best thanks.

Mr. Wharton gives us very pleasing accounts of your health and spirits. That they may long continue is the constant prayer of your

Dutiful and affectionate daughter,

S. BACHE.

FROM MRS. BACHE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 2d, 1779.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR:

This letter will be handed you by Col. Fleury, who is not only a hero, but a man of merit, the same which took the standard at Stoney Point. He is a favourite of General Washington's and Baron Steuben's, the latter of which gentlemen introduced him to Mr. B. and me: one of the papers you sent over was to enquire him out; he says he has often wrote to his friends. Mr. Bache was to have given him a letter to you, but is now out on business that will detain him near the whole day. He desired I would introduce Col. Fleury to you, who is to call this morning for the letter.

The publisher of the American Magazine wrote to you some time ago to desire you would send him some newspapers, and sent you some of his first numbers. I suppose you have never received them. I now send six, not that I think you will find much entertainment in them, but you may have heard there was such a performance, and may like to see what it is; besides its want of entertainment may induce you to send something that may make the poor man's Magazine more useful and pleasing. Tell Temple the Cave of Vanhest is a very romantic description of Mr. and Mrs. Blair's house and family; the young ladies that the traveller describes and is in love with, are children, one seven months younger than our Benjamin, and the Venus just turned of five. Mrs. Blair was in town last week, enquired very kindly after you both, and begged when I wrote to remember her affectionately both to you and Temple. As I have mentioned her being in the country, you may think it some other Mrs. Blair; 'tis necessary to tell you 'tis my old friend Suky Shippen, who has never returned to town since they were driven out by the enemy, but has rented a farm on the Raritan. As Mr. Gerard is still detained, I shall have it in my power to write you again in a few days.

I am, my dear papa,

Your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

S. Bache.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

CAMBRIDGE, 23 Oct'r, 1781.

DEAR BROTHER:

I am now here on a visit to my daughter, who lives in this town, and have accidentally met a young gentleman who is to sail for France in a few days. I know it will be agreeable to you to hear I am well and my daughter in much better health than usual; but her husband, after making one successful voyage, is again in the hands of the enemy at Halifax. She desires her duty to you.

Mr. John Thayer, the gentleman by whom this goes, has had a liberal education and has served in this Commonwealth with acceptance, but now chooses to go abroad with a view of seeing the world and making his fortune; I have no personal acquaintance with him, but hear he is much esteemed in Boston: I take the liberty to introduce him to my dear brother, in hopes this one at least of seven letters I have wrote him since the date of his last to me that I have received, will reach his hand. If I should be so lucky and all the rest have been lost, I shall try to recollect the contents of some of them (for I keep no copies) which I wished you to know, and send by some other opportunity. I am this day going to Boston in pursuit of a collection of your works, which I hear is lately come from Europe; some of which I have been in possession of, and have lost. You will say, then, I

don't deserve to have them again, but maybe not, if you knew all the circumstances. However, there is many things I never had, and I can hardly help envying any one that pleasure without my partaking.

I left my grandchildren and great-grandchildren well where I commonly reside, and expect to return in about a fortnight. Governor Greene's wife told me as I came along she had lately wrote you; their family all well then.

From your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, October 29, 1781.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I see you do not forget me, tho' I have so long mourned the want of a line from your own hand to convince me of it, March, '79, being the date of the last I have received from you; but I have just now received a large package from cousin Jonathan Williams by your order, of considerable value, but I have not yet time to know exactly. They are things much sought for by our dressing ladies, which will procure money, tho' I thank God and you, I have not wanted any good thing. I live very comfortable with my grandchildren for good living in the family; and your bounty supplies me with all I ought to wish be-

sides your good company. The glorious news we have received from the southward makes us flatter ourselves you may return to us soon, and, Mr. Williams says, live and enjoy health and happiness twenty years yet. I have no such expectation for myself, but I wish those a blessing I may leave behind. I have at length found the sermon you were desirous to see, among Mr. Stillman's, and now send it; I hope it will get safe to hand and procure you some pleasure to find such worthies among us. I wrote from Cambridge, where my daughter lives, by a young man, who I expected was to sail the next day. I am afraid you will think me too presumptuous to introduce to you persons I know nothing of but by hearsay, but I am too apt to give way to their solicitations, and by that means may have been troublesome to you, tho' I hope your long experience will enable you to get rid of them if they prove so. I mentioned my being coming to Boston in search of a book containing all your public writings, but I cannot yet find it; ye person in whose hands I heard it was, is gone out of town. I have only time to subscribe

Your most obliged, grateful and affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

Pray write me the particulars of the news they send from here in a hand-bill.

FROM MR. BACHE.

PHILADELPHIA, November 24th, 1781.

DEAR AND HON'D SIR:

I am happy in having so good an opportunity as the present to let you know that we are all well. Sally would have wrote, but the Marquis La Fayette and General Du Portail's sudden departure, together with her necessary engagements in the nursery will not admit of it; an opportunity will present itself in a few days from this port, which she means to embrace. We have received no letters from you lately; the last was dated 14th May, accompanied by some of Ben's letters, which are always very acceptable. We have received likewise his picture. Mr. Villiard has never made his appearance here; when he does, we shall shew him every civility in our power.

I have received bills for your last year's interest money in the Loan Office, but necessity has obliged me to dispose of them for cash; the many demands on me for arrearages of ground-rents, which during the depreciation of paper money were not called for; the necessary repairs to your dwelling-house, such as new shingling part of the pent-houses on both sides of the house; new spouts, one a copper one in the room of the leaden one taken away by the public in the year 1777, for which I never could get any payment; besides other demands, and the non-payment of my salary as P. M. General, having now upwards of three

years due to me ;—I say all these things pressing upon me at the same time, has necessitated me to dispose of your bills, a liberty I hope you will forgive me for; and you may rest assured that should I be able to receive the amount of my salary soon, your bills shall be replaced. A new arrangement is likely to take place in the Post-Office Department, Congress having taken it into their heads that a P. M. General and Assistants, instead of the present arrangement of Comptroller and Surveyors, will be sufficient to transact the whole business, and upon this new plan some of the States, particularly the New England States, are desirous of appointing a new Post-Master General; they wish to put in Mr. Hazard. This matter was put to vote before I knew a tittle about it; thinking myself ill-used, I had determined to have resigned, but upon consulting some of my friends was dissuaded from it; there the matter rests, and thus I am to be requited for my past services. All that gives me concern in this business is, that if I am displaced, it will convey to the world an idea that I have not done my duty; but, thank God, nothing of this sort can be alleged against me. I shall, therefore, endeavour to reconcile myself to the worst that can happen.

Sally and our four little ones are well; they join me in love and duty. I am ever, dear sir,

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

RICH. BACHE.

FROM MRS. PARTRIDGE.

BOSTON, Dec'r 6, 1781.

EVER HON'D AND DEAR PAPA:

I have nothing new to write you, but presume on your goodness to indulge me the pleasure of chatting with you on paper, and telling you I can't express how happy these signal successes of our arms have made me, as I flatter myself it will facilitate your return to your native country. Oh, how I enjoy that pleasing idea!

I wrote you in my last that I expected to see Aunt Mecom: I have had that happiness. She was well and happy in hearing from you and receiving such generous proofs of your affection. She had not heard from you so long that it gave her great pain. She left us last week to return to her granddaughter, with whom and the dear babes she is very happy.

Our friend Mrs. Greene has been in town with one of her daughters. She is well and happy in her growing family. She has two fine grandsons. She returned home yesterday, but left her daughter with us, who is an amiable girl.

Receive, dear sir, my grateful acknowledgments for your resemblance, but I wish it had been coloured, as the paleness of the countenance gives me melancholy ideas. But,

> I pressed the dear image close up to my face,
> And *wished* the original was in its place.

My daughter presents her respectful compliments and thanks to you for the kisses, but I see her think she had rather received them from your warm lips.

I make no apology for recommending to you Mr. Vermonet, the gentleman who will deliver you this letter, as I know you to be, as the child said of cousin Kezia Coffin, when sent to invite her to dine, he had forgot her name, and after hesitating a long time, he says, I can't think of her name, but 'tis that lady who is everybody's friend. But this gentleman may perhaps be better known in France than he is here, for he was brought up in Paris and his friends live near there. He has been several years in this country, and has sustained the character of a sober, honest, industrious man and capable of business. He married a fine girl, a granddaughter of the late Col. Downes (who lived in the next house to my mamma's); he has two sweet babes, and I believe has been run out of business by her father's being taken from doing any thing by sickness, and his having him and his family in a great measure to support; that if you can render him any service without disserving yourself, I shall esteem it a favour.

Brother and sister desire I would present their affectionate regards to you. Brother Thomas is on the verge of matrimony with a very agreeable widow. Brother Tuthill lives single yet! and I believe will die the half of the scissors.

Mr. Partridge with our daughter join in wishing you health and every other blessing, with, dear sir,

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZA. PARTRIDGE.

FROM HIS GRANDSON, WILLIAM BACHE.[1]

PHILADELPHIA, March the 16, 1783.

DEAR GRANDPAPA:

I embrace this opportunity of letting you know that papa is going to Passy to wait upon you home to Philadelphia. My sister is going to boarding-school to Miss Beckwith. There is a refugee row-galley brought in here. Bob[2] says he is very glad to hear that you are in a good state of health. There are two French frigates going out to fight two British ones. I am going to Latin school to-morrow. I hope that Benny can read my letter. I see that he can write English. My sister wants some babies, some gloves, and some shoes, and a little sofa for her and her baby. Please to let me know if Benny is well. * * * *

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[1] Born May 31, 1773.

[2] A manumitted negro, known in the family as Daddy Bob. On one occasion when he was going to the theatre, he made his appearance in the kitchen with his wool full of flour, and on being asked what he meant, he said it was to "help make laugh."

My mamma has wrote you a letter. My papa and mamma received Benny's picture. The people talk of peace. We had a dog named Juno, but she is lost. Carlo is alive, but Pompey is dead. We have a dog that is Juno's sister; her name is Fanny. She is papa's favourite dog, that he takes a-hunting with him. She is of the same breed as Carlo. Betsy, Louis, Deborah, and myself are very well, and they send their love to you.

I am your most affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM BACHE.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, April 29, 1783.

DEAR BROTHER:

I have at length received a letter from you in your own handwriting, after a total silence of three years, in which time part of an old song would sometimes intrude itself into my mind—

Does he love and yet forsake me,
For ————
Can he forget me,
Will he neglect me?

This was but momentary; at other times I concluded it was unreasonable to expect it, and that you might with great propriety, after my teasing you so often, send me the answer that Nehemiah did to Tobias and Sanballat, who endeavoured to obstruct his rebuild-

ing the Temple of Jerusalem, "I am doing a great work. Why should the work cease whilst I leave it and come *down* to you?"

And a great work, indeed, you have done, God be praised. I hope now you, yourself, will think you have done enough for the public, and will now put in execution what you have sometimes wished to be permitted to do: sit down and spend the evening with your friends. I am looking round me at Cambridge for a commodious seat for you, not with any great hopes of your coming there, I confess (but wishes), knowing you are accommodated so much to your mind at Philadelphia, and have your children there. I should, however, expect a share of your correspondence when you have leisure; and, believe me, my dear brother, your writing to me gives me so much pleasure that the great, the very great, presents you have sent me are but a secondary joy. I have been very sick this winter at my daughter's; kept my chamber six weeks, but had a sufficiency for my supply of every thing that could be a comfort to me of my own, before I received any intimation of the great bounty from your hand, which your letter has conveyed to me, for I have not been lavish of what I before possessed, knowing sickness and misfortunes might happen, and certainly old age; but I shall now be so rich that I may indulge in a small degree a propensity to help some poor creatures who have not the blessing I enjoy.

My good fortune came to me all together to comfort me in my weak state; for as I had been so unlucky as not to receive the letter you sent me thro' your son Bache's hands, tho' he informs me he forwarded it immediately, his letter with a draft for twenty-five guineas came to my hand just before yours, which I have received, and cannot find expression suitable to acknowledge my gratitude how I am by my dear brother enabled to live at ease in my old age (after a life of care, labour, and anxiety), without which I must have been miserable. * * * *

I was quite in a weak state when I came to Boston, but find myself grow stronger every day. [I] propose to go to the State of Rhode Island in about a fortnight, to spend the summer. I think if you come to America, and come this way, you will not fail to call on me and our good friend Greene. She desired me long ago to tell you how happy she was in the acquaintance of some gentleman you recommended to them, how exactly he answered your description, but I then forgot it, and can't now remember the name. I heard from them lately; they are all well; have an increase of grandchildren, which makes them very happy.

I perceive Mr. Williams is highly pleased with his entertainment in France. Writes about going to England, and not returning in less than a year. However that may be, I shall cherish some hopes that you will come with him, tho' on second thoughts I think

it will be too valuable a treasure among our families to venture in one bottom, but shall depend on that Providence which has hitherto been your preserver, protector, and defender, and am, as ever,

Your affectionate and obliged sister,

JANE MECOM.

My love to W. T. F., whose handwriting in your letter, and his name in the signing the treaty as a Secretary, gives me pleasure.

FROM MRS. BACHE.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 9, 1783.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR:

Your friends, the Vaughan family,[1] are now under our roof. The pleasure we take in entertaining everybody that you love, and that loves you, makes us happy in their company. They are come to settle among us, and what little I have seen of them promises a very agreeable addition to our society. My letter to-day on their account will rather be short, as I have a good deal to attend to. My dear nephew on this account will excuse me by this vessel. We shall

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[1] The late Mr. John Vaughan, Secretary of the Philosophical Society, was one of them.

shortly have an opportunity by which I will write largely, being, as ever,

Your affectionate daughter,

S. BACHE.

FROM MRS. BACHE.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 5, 1783.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR:

Most earnestly have I wished for the definitive treaty to arrive, and Congress to find a resting-place, that they might then have time to recall you, and our little family be once more joined. The treaty, I am told, is come, but where Congress will settle, no one can say. They have lost much of the confidence of the people since they began to wander. Your old friend, General Gates, told me they were all splitting and separating, that no man in the world could hoop the barrel but you, and that you were much wanted here. Your old friends, the Vaughans, are here, and have taken a house in our neighbourhood. I promise myself great pleasure in their society this winter. The time they stay'd with us on their first coming with your recommendation of them has made me quite their friend. I never knew, altogether, a more amiable family.

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FROM MRS. BACHE.

THE CLIFFS, on the Banks of Schuylkill, [June, 1784.]

HONOURED SIR:

By Major Depontiers I wrote you a short letter the other day; it was at the very instant of my moving; I had neither pen nor wafer. I hope you will excuse the appearance it made. I thought you would be happy to hear I was well, even if it were wrote in Greek characters. My little Richard is most amazingly recovered since we came out here, and the whole little family in such spirits that 'tis impossible to find a quiet moment for reflection or writing. They are now all jumping and dancing about me, and, to add to the sprightliness of the scene, Willy has brought out two young friends to dine with him: he will write as soon as they leave him. The Minister will give you a description of the delightful place we are at; he was particularly pleased with it. But no one can paint the disappointment I have met with in your not coming this summer: I am now sorry I ever flattered myself with the thought. Nothing but the size of my family prevents my making you a visit in France. We are much indebted to the Chevalier de la Luzerne for many polite attentions to us ever since he first came, and part with him with regret, wishing it had been more in our power to have added to his happiness during his stay at Philad'a. I do not think we shall

ever have a person in his station that will do greater honour to it, or leave behind more friends both to himself and his nation. He very politely called here the other day to take leave, and offer to take any thing for you. I am sorry it is at such a season that there is nothing to send; I cannot think of any thing that would be acceptable. Mr. Marbois was married on Thursday last to Miss Moore.[1] We had an invitation to breakfast at the Minister's and see the ceremony. It was no small mortification to me that it was not in my power to go. Mr. B. was there. I shall endeavour to get to town to wait on the bride.

I shall write both to my nephew and son, and if possible to Mrs. Barclay and Montgomery, and another to you, as I promised Dr. Bancroft I would. I am, with great affection,

Your dutiful daughter,

S. Bache.

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[1] Francis Barbe de Marbois, the Consul-General of France, was married on the 17th of June, 1784, to the daughter of William Moore, late President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, July 4, 1784.

DEAR BROTHER:

I often recollect the advice you once gave one of my sons, to do the right thing with spirit, and not to spend time in making excuses for not doing it, and I ought to have profited by it, but I have so long delayed writing to you that I am hardly capable of making any excuse at all, and now have no time to attempt it. I have removed from Cambridge with my son-in-law Collas and his wife, and now live in your house at the North End,[1] and, Mr. Collas being absent, seldom see any one to inform us how the world goes. [I] am now at Cousin William's, where I am informed a ship is to sail this day with a gentleman in it who goes directly to you. I can't remember either his name or office, by which you will see what a confused state my mind is in, for I just heard it below. I am often afflicted with great dizziness, and expect, or fear, if I live much longer, to be in such circumstances as Dean Swift was. If it pleases God to hear my prayer, death will be much preferable; but who am I, to prescribe to the Almighty? The anguish of mind I have undergone on your account since I heard of the grievous malady you are exer-

[1] This house was on Unity-street; the yard adjoined the grave-yard of the Old North Church.

cised with, has made me consider which of the two cases I should prefer, and I think yours, bad as it is. Don't think from this that I don't feel all for you that the intimate knowledge of such cases, all the tenderness and affection that is due to one who has been as a father, husband, and always the best of brothers, deserves; but your retaining your intellectual faculties, and such fortitude to bear up under it, must be preferred to a senseless stupidity.

But oh, that after you have spent your whole life in the service of the public, and have attained so glorious a conclusion, as I thought, as would now permit you to come home and spend (as you used to say) the evening with your friends in ease and quiet, that now such a dreadful malady should attack you! My heart is ready to burst with grief at the thought.

How many hours have I lain awake on nights, thinking what excruciating pains you might then be encountering, while I, poor, useless, and worthless worm, was permitted to be at ease. O that it was in my power to mitigate or alleviate the anguish I know you must endure!

I have been flattered all the spring and summer that you were coming home. I know your wisdom will direct to improve all circumstances that will be most commodious for the desired end; but I fear if you take ship for Philadelphia I shall never see you. Travelling will be so incommodious to you that when you are got home you will not prevail with yourself

to see New England; but if you come here first, you can go mostly, if not altogether, by water, as you know, and it may not be so trying to you. God grant I may see you again here, but if not, that we may spend our happy eternity together in his presence.

Mr. Williams has told me that he has informed you particularly about my affairs, but I did not think that would justify me in not writing myself; but I have now neither letters nor papers, nor time to say any thing more than that I am your most obliged and affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

If wind and weather should detain the ship, I will write again. At present, pray forgive the very bad spelling, and every other defect, and don't let it mortify you that such a scrawl came from your sister. Mr. Williams says my love to the Doctor. Mine to your grandsons.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, Sept. 23, 1785.

Blessed be God who has brought my dear brother safe to his desired port, that has answered my daily prayers for his comfort and ease, that you have had so good a passage, and but one day's illness from the malady that attends you. I never can be thankful enough for these particulars, nor for his continued

mercies to me, which are all along beyond my conception as well as deserts. I long so much to see you that I should immediately seek for some one that would accompany me, and take a little care of me, but my daughter is in a poor state of health, and gone into the country to try to get a little better, and I am in a strait between two; but the comfortable reflection that you are at home among all your dear children, and no more seas to cross, will be constantly pleasing to me till I am permitted to enjoy the happiness of seeing and conversing with you.

Our friend Catharine Greene is the same kind, good-natured creature that she ever was (and so indeed is the Governor and all the family). She bids me never forget to remember her to you when I write.

You will forgive all omissions and defects, as I fear the post will be gone before I can get it there, and can only add, God bless you all together forever,

Prays your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, October 1, 1785.

DEAR BROTHER:

I can't express to you how much joy I feel at knowing you are at home and so much more at ease than I expected in regard to your bodily state; but I

perceive by the newspapers that you are not to be suffered to rest as long as you are alive. I was in hopes you would have resolutely resisted all solicitations to burden yourself any more with the concerns of the public, and flattered myself if I were with you I should enjoy a little familiar domestic chit-chat like common folks; but now I imagine all such attempts would be intrusion, and I may as well content myself at this distance with the hopes of receiving once in a while a kind letter from you and believing you are happy with your other connections.

You mention your writing to me just before your departure from France. I have not received such a one. The last I received from you was dated April 12, which I mentioned to you last post. I am grieved ever since I sent it that I did not mention how much I felt myself affected with the affectionate mention cousin Jonathan Williams made of me in his letter to his father, but I thought he would immediately follow his letter and I should have the pleasure of telling him myself. I rejoice, too, at the arrival of your two grandsons, who, I am sure, must be very happy in being deservedly caressed by all their friends and old acquaintances. My daughter is still in the country, but she informs me she is better. My love to Mr. and Mrs. Bache and all the children.

From your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, Oct. 19, 1785.

DEAR BROTHER:

I long much to see you, and as my niece had just before your arrival informed me it was impossible for you to come here, I had thought of going to you, but would not determine till I should know if it would be agreeable to you. Your kind letter of Oct'r 1st lets me know your mind, and I am satisfied, and will hope, too, that I shall see you here in the spring, as it was before what I utterly despaired of; the thoughts of your enjoying so much ease as to hope it, will cheer many a gloomy hour I should otherwise have had through the winter.

I am apt to be too communicative. I had better have suppressed the information I gave you of Mr. Vernon's ingratitude, tho' I then thought it would be best for you to know the man; you come at too much of such painful knowledge, and I fear it appears to you I am of the number of ingrat^{s}. I believe I did not tell you how thankfully I received the benefit, but be assured, my dear brother, that there is not a day passes that my heart does not overflow with gratitude to you and adoration of the Supreme Benefactor of all mankind, who puts in your power not only to make me as happy as humanity can expect to be, but enables you to diffuse your benefits, I had almost said, to the whole Universe.

I know your judgment as well as practice is,
Kindness of heart by deeds express;

but it is my opinion words should not be excluded (tho' I sometimes neglect them), especially when there is no opportunity to perform deeds.

I think it was not till the very day you arrived that Mr. Williams got that bill you sent me on Dr. Cooper transferred to him. I expect he either has or will write you the particulars.

After my love to my two nephews, give me leave to beg the favour of one of them, by your permission, to give me a catalogue of the books you design for Franklin Town. My reason for this request is, I have a great deal of time on my hands; I love reading, it is a pleasant amusement, tho' my memory is so bad that I cannot retain it, as many others do; now I am sure that will be a collection worth reading, and I don't doubt I can borrow of one and another of my acquaintances from time to time such as I have a mind to read.

My daughter is returned from the country, much mended in her health. She with my granddaughter Jenny Mecom desire their duty. Remember my love to Mr. and Mrs. Bache and all the children.

Your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, Nov. 7, 1785.

DEAR BROTHER:

You must indulge me in writing often to you, since I cannot see you. This is the third since your last to me. * * * * As to myself I live very much to my liking. I never had a taste for high life, for large companies and entertainments. I am of Pope's mind, that Health, Peace, and Competence come as near to happiness as is attainable in this life, and I am in a good measure in possession of all three at present; if they are at times a little infringed occasionally on by accident, I view it as the common lot of all, and am not much disturbed.

Our friend Catharine Greene expressed such lively joy at the news of your arrival, that her children told her it had thrown her into hysterics, but she says she is not subject to that disorder. She tells me you have honoured them with a letter. * * * *

I dined with this gentleman at Mr. Bradford's, and ventured to invite him to come and drink tea with us, which he readily accepted and very politely offered to carry your letter. We live always clean and look decent, and I wanted he should tell you he saw me at home.

My daughter has returned from the country, much mended in health. Her husband is expected every

day from the West Indies; he has a prospect of doing better than common if he gets in safe.

She with my granddaughter Jenny Mecom remember their duty to you. Remember love to all yours, from your

Affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, Nov'r 30, 1785.

DEAR BROTHER:

I received yours by cousin Jonathan Williams with the catalogue, for which I thank you, and shall with pleasure comply with all you desire. The leaches are set up with the soap. We make it next week. Cousin Jonathan is very alert in assisting, and I am pleased that it will not totally die. I have no stamp, and I fancy if any should be made for America, it would be clever to have thirteen stars; for the crown soap now vended among us is as contemptible as the British Head that now wears one—dirty, stinking stuff.

I yesterday received your kind letter you wrote me while you were on the road in France. Your constant attention to my comfort and satisfaction affects me much; that there could be such an easy carriage for you by land, how happy! I wish we had such in

America.[1] You were kept at work till the last minute, and glorious work have you performed. May God still prosper and support you.

I have begun the account of our relations, and shall send it in my next. Cousin Jonathan and I have not yet had time together without other company, to cast up that matter about Mr. Vernon's bill, but we shall take that time while we are making soap.

There is in your jail a young man, son to Mr. * * * of Chelsea, who is dead, who is condemned for an assault. He has neither friends nor relations there. His father died poor, but he has a brother who has worked himself, with the aid of charity, through Dartmouth College, and is now studying divinity. I have been many years acquainted with his grandmother on his mother's side, a worthy woman but in low circumstances, and now near expiring with the palsy. I suppose on the strength of that acquaintance he thought he might make application to me. He says his brother writes him he is perfectly innocent of the crime laid to his charge; that it was committed by another person belonging to the same vessel, who is run away. They think you can do every thing, and I know you will do every thing that is proper and convenient for you to do; but I very much fear the impropriety of my giving you the trouble of so

[1] Dr. Franklin was carried from Paris to the sea-side in a sedan chair. He had one made for himself after his return to Philadelphia. He bequeathed it to the Pennsylvania Hospital.

much as reading this account of the matter, but they pleaded your humanity and I was forced to promise I would mention it to you.

If the lad writes the truth, and there can be a way found out that will answer the penalty of the law by binding him to serve some one at sea, which he has been used to, that he may not suffer through a winter in a prison, and your speaking about the affair will prevent it, I wish it; but I know nothing of the lad. He may deserve a halter for all I know, notwithstanding his being a branch of a good family. You can know the truth of the matter, perhaps, if you enquire, but I fear I have made too free with you on the account. Forgive me and tell me so if I have.

My daughter joins me in most dutiful and affectionate regards.

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, 6 Jan., 1786.

DEAR BROTHER:

I want much to know how you are and have been since you have been at home, but fear to be too often inquisitive lest I should provoke you to return me such an answer as Chesterfield did to his son's widow on such an occasion. Forgive, I won't think it possible.

I have already wrote you concerning the soap in a letter to go with the box. I now send the recipe, the catalogue of relations, and all concerning the money I received of Mr. Vernon. It will be a large pacquet, but I thought it best to send it by the post. Let me know if you approved or disapproved of my writing to Mr. Vernon. I want (now you are so near) to have the privilege of your correction and instruction in every thing that can come to your knowledge. I know I am troublesome to you in some things, particularly about that poor young lad in jail. I fear my manner of writing was rude to you and inhuman of him, but I am glad to hear he is cleared and on his way home.

By the recommendation of a couple of old women like myself, Mrs. Killcup and Mrs. Church, I was solicited to beg your assistance to a poor woman whose husband was killed in Hopkins' fleet. [He] was a 2d Lieutenant: his name was Philip Gaudin. [She] has much due to her. The Agent, she says, is at Philadelphia. I evaded it as much as I could, but I don't know but she will come again when she has got all her vouchers ready. All that are in trouble and know I am your sister, seem to think I can do something for them, so that you must give me some directions how to proceed and say, Hitherto shalt thou go and no farther, or I shall always be in pain on such applications and think you will be afraid to receive a letter from me for fear of being teased.

I have two favours to ask of you now: your new Alphabet of the English language and the Petition of the letter *z*. It would be a feast to General Greene's wife if I may be permitted to let her see it. When he was at Rhode Island, he talked very freely of Dr. Franklin, and she told him if he talked so along the country as he went to Philadelphia, the people would stone him, for they all adored you, but I heard he was not discouraged. I forgot to tell you in my last that Mr. Williams was bravely again, eats and drinks, and was cheerful, and I hope continues so, but I have not seen him this three weeks.

I rejoice in every honourable mention that is made of you, but I cannot find in my heart to be pleased at your accepting the government of the State, and therefore have not congratulated you on it. I fear it will fatigue you too much. Enough of all conscience, you will say, and therefore I shall only add,

Y^r^ affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

[Between May and July, 1786.]

DEAR BROTHER:

I sincerely thank you for your valuable present of the books, which are the more so for having your people done more to your likeness than any I

have heretofore seen. My daughter and I sat down to study the alphabet, imagining we should soon learn it, so as to write you in that way. As the letters being formed in Italics, I suppose you mean to have the writing and printing as much alike as possible, and it must be a more acute pen than mine that can imitate it. I, however, could read it perfectly pretty soon, as I wrote it every word the third day in my own way; but to learn the pronunciation it will be necessary to have a master to set the example. I am glad you have hopes of the soap, but perhaps you have been too precipitate in spreading it as you found it began to unite. It might have been more sure to have continued some time longer in the same situation, and it would have been a good way to have piled it some time together, across each other, as masons lay their bricks: that prevents its warping. I have some more ready to send by the first vessel that goes, and then shall write to my grandson. I thank you for employing him. Writing, he appears to me to be well qualified for, and with your permission he may, in the mean time, learn many valuable things by being near you and making observations; and I beg, my dear brother, you will, as far as you can without interfering with your other affairs, inspect his conduct, his disposition, and his capacity, and reprove, advise, and direct him in what you see to be most proper for him, which, if he does not observe, he need not expect prosperity any way. He is, to be sure, destitute

of friends capable of assisting him, almost of any one. I hope he will do well. My love to him.

I am pleased to hear of Temple's inclining to settle near you. Can he really be happy in a country life! That's charming! I feared he would incline to go back again to England; but you can't go to see him there if it is his father's farm that Mr. and Mrs. Bache and all of us went to see when I was there, it is so far from the water. Remember me affectionately to him. I always loved him.

I want to hear something about my nephew Benjamin, how he goes on since he came home, and all about the little ones, my young niece in particular[1] that made me such a present. It is very much admired, as well as her writing, by so young a person. I design to write to her mamma when I send the soap.

The crumbs of soap you sent me retain the colour and smell well, and I don't know but you will prefer it to send to France if it unites as I wish, but I will send this by the first vessel. Cousin Jonathan is here: has endeavoured to see Mr. Vaughan, but had not when I heard from him last. Remember me to your family.

Your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

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[1] Let Josiah write me those particulars. [J. M.]

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, July 21, 1786.

DEAR BROTHER:

You have given me great pleasure in the short account you have wrote concerning my grandson. For *you* not to perceive that he wants either advice or reproof is a good character; but I perceive you have some exceptions to the loss of your advice, and I flatter myself I am one.

I am glad you have received the soap, and like it. I wish to know whether the first united, as I hoped. I perceive you have kept the Fourth of July very honourably, as well as joyfully. We also observed as usual, but we had so latterly celebrated the opening of the bridge on Charles River, being a new thing, that the other was not so much noticed in our papers. You will, I hope, next spring have the pleasure of seeing it yourself. It is really a charming place. They have levelled the rising ground that led to it, and nicely paved it, that at some distance as you approach to it, it is a beautiful sight; with a little village at the other end, the buildings all new, the prospect on each side is delightful. I frequently go on the hill for the sake of the prospect and the walk, and if I tell you I have once walked over, I suppose you won't allow it as great a feat as your walking ten miles before breakfast, but I am strongly inclined to allow it myself, all circumstances considered. It is thought

the toll-gatherers received yesterday, being Commencement day, five hundred dollars. Perhaps it may only be an extravagant guess. I believe Josiah is quite a proficient in your new mode of spelling. He has wrote me a letter, I believe, perfectly right. I can read it very well, but dare not attempt to write it, I have such a poor faculty at making letters. I think sir and madam were very deficient in sagacity that they could not find out *yf* as well as Betty, but sometimes the Betties have the brightest understanding.

Dr. Price thinks thousands of Boyles, Clarkes, and Newtons have probably been lost to the world, and lived and died in ignorance and meanness, merely for want of being placed in favourable situations and enjoying proper advantages. Very few, we know, are able to beat through all impediments and arrive to any great degree of superiority in understanding.

My health is tolerable, the rest of the family as usual. All join in the most affectionate remembrance of you and yours, with

Your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, August 25, 1786.

DEAR BROTHER:

I really think myself highly favoured in receiving a letter from you once a month, as I have for

three past. It is indeed a short space of time to what I used to suffer in anxiety. Your last in particular seems to express more positively the good state of your health, which makes me hope there is truth in what is taken from a Philadelphia paper concerning the efficacy of blackberry-jelly, and that my dear brother is the subject there mentioned. Oh, if it is, how shall I enough bless that merciful, compassionate Being, who has directed to such a medicine for your relief!

I did not design Mr. Vaughan should have gone without a letter to you, but my notice of his going was too short. I, however, sent as soon after as I could, and I hope you have received it, with some to my grandson, whose being there, I am happy to hear, is agreeable to you and the family.

The book I received and sent it to cousin Jonathan, who tells me he has another, and will return it to me for my son Collas, to whom it may be of great service. I read it myself before I sent it, and found a great deal of pleasure in it, as I do in all you write, as far as my capacity enables me to understand it, and farther, too, for I keep your books of Philosophy and Politics by me (tho' I have read them thro' several times), and when I am dull I take one up, and it seems as though I were conversing with you, or hearing you to some one that can understand, and I find a pleasure in that.

Our North Church folks are repairing their steeple,

and it was thought the electrical wire was too small to conduct a large stroke of lightning. I felt uneasy about it and got Mr. Collas to inquire about it, and he tells me they have made it three times as big as it was before.

I will accept your thanks for the soap and thank you for receiving so kindly. It has not altogether pleased me yet. That art I always meant to instruct Josiah Flagg in, when he should be in a situation to observe it. I have kept a recipe by me for that purpose, and now he is with you, in some discourse with him some time, if you think on it, inform him something about the nature of the working of such ingredients together, which may help him more easily to comprehend the instructions he may after receive, and it may be of service to him some time or other.

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FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, Sept'r 13, 1786.

DEAR BROTHER:

My grandson arrived here on Saturday night, well, and very grateful for the kindness you shewed him; has brought me your favours of the three medals and china covers, for which I thank you. Your device in the first is very striking; the others are

very pretty. Multitudes, that have a disposition to shew you respect, have no other means than an honest acknowledgment of your virtues and services. It is your due, for he who is always striving to be useful to every individual of mankind is entitled to all the respect in their power to shew.

I am glad you are so perfectly recovered of the gout. I hope Mr. and Mrs. Bache's health is also confirmed. Dr. Morgan tells me the fever and ague is more frequent there than it formerly was. I hope you will have better health in future. Excuse me to Mrs. Bache. I will write to her next opportunity. Remember me to Temple and all the rest of the good creatures. My daughter is still very sick, but always desires her duty to you.

Your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, Oct. 12, 1786.

DEAR BROTHER:

I am sorry you are pestered with law disputes in your old age,[1] but as that is the case it is well you have plenty of ground to enlarge your present dwelling; it will not only be an amusement, but,

[1] This refers to an ejectment for part of the ground on Franklin Court.

in all probability, a sample of many ingenious contrivances to profit by in future. I imagine part of your plan will be to have a front door, entry, and staircase to go all the way up to your lodging-rooms and garrets, besides a passage from the main house, as I suppose, through one of your best chamber closets, which will be safer in case of fire. I shall expect Mrs. Bache to inform me how it is decorated when it is finished, if I live so long, which is probable enough I may not. It is a favourable circumstance you can sometimes forget you are grown old, otherwise it might check you in many useful discoveries you are making for your fellow-men. I wish our poor distracted State would attend to the many good lessons which have been frequently published for their instruction; but we seem to want wisdom to guide, and honesty to comply with our duty, and so keep always in a flame.

I have wrote you since my grandson was here. He went to Lancaster, and I have not heard from him since. I propose to learn him the art of making the crown soap, if I can get an opportunity. My daughter is no better, and I am as usual, always your thankful and

Affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, Dec'r 17, 1786.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Mr. Bradford has just informed me of his going to Philadelphia to-morrow morning. I would not let him go without a line, as I have not yet had opportunity to thank you for a charming barrel of flour you sent me. He is to take the bill you permitted me to draw.

I sometimes feel guilty at being so expensive to you, but why should I, when I know it gives you pleasure to make every one happy? and I constantly feel the blessing. Your predictions concerning a hard winter are beginning to be verified in a formidable manner. The snow has been so deep and we no man in the house, that we might have been buried alive were it not for the care of some good neighbours who began to dig us out before we were up in the morning, and cousin Williams came puffing and sweating, as soon as it was possible, to see how we were and if we wanted any thing; but, thank God, we had no want of any thing necessary, if we had been shut up a fortnight, except milk. * * * *

I want much to know if you were so lucky as to get your new apartments covered in before the hard weather. I think it could not be before you had the agreeable addition to your family of some of your

friends from London,[1] but we cannot easily feel ourselves crowded with the company of those we love. I think you feel yourself happy in the circle about you, and cousin Jonathan, too, I suppose, enjoys it. My love to him and thanks for his kind attention to me, and my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Hewson and tell her I hope she will like America.

I had intended to have wrote to my niece, but cannot at this time; but remember my love to Mr. and Mrs. Bache and all the dear children.

From your ever obliged and affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, Jan. 6, 1787.

DEAR BROTHER:

Yours of Dec'r 3d was brought me by Col. Sergeant, with abundance of complaisance. He informed me how very well and cheerfully you were, to a prodigy, he said. You have, I hope, before now received the bill by Mr. Bradford; at the same time are informed that I rec'd your kind present of the barrel of flour, with my thanks. I rejoice to know you got your building covered before the winter set in: it has

[1] Mrs. Hewson, formerly Miss Stevenson and then a widow, with her children.

been severe enough with us, but, thanks to God and my dear brother, I have not wanted any comfortable thing; but the loss of such a multitude of lives in the storms is terrible, and surpasses all I ever remember in a season.

Our sister Davenport had a daughter Doreas, who married to a Mr. Stickney and lived at Newbury. He was a chairmaker by trade, but never loved work; but that is not the thing: they had been so long dead and I had no remembrance of their leaving any children, and had never seen any of them, that I suppose I did not think of the family when I wrote the list. When I received your letter our streets were impassable by any means for old folks, but a few days after I sent to Mrs. Williams to enquire what she knew about them, and had for answer, all she knew of the man who wrote to you was, that he was a good-for-nothing, impudent, lazy fellow, just like his father. I thought, however, as he had an aunt in the town, I would know something further before I answered your letter.

I therefore got a carriage and went to her and enquired about the family. She told me that when her sister was married, her husband's mother and grandfather were living on a little estate they had in Newbury, where he also carried his wife, after trying to live by shopkeeping in this town, but having so little means of support, they became exceeding poor; in which time, she says, you went to see them and made

them a handsome present (I suppose at the time you put out your shoulder at Portsmouth). His grandfather lived to be above ninety years old, but he and his daughter dying left the house to our cousin, but they could not feed long upon that. He therefore took a prudent step, sold it and bought a good farm at Derry, and went to live on it, where his wife helped to work on it, and they got to live extraordinary well, but she, Mrs. Rogers thinks, shortened her days by too hard labour, and her husband died soon after her and left the farm to this man and a sister, who are all the children they left, and do very well. She says he has a good character of a sober, honest man, but does not increase his estate, as one told her he entertained too many strangers in hopes of entertaining angels unawares. She says she saw him about a year and a half ago, and he told her that he had such a son that he named for you; that he gave him all the education he was able: but she thinks him very bold in writing to you; she is sure she should not have done it. As to the boy, I omitted to enquire particularly about him, as the carriage waiting for me put it out of my mind. We have had a short spell of moderate weather. I am as well in health as usual; my daughter growing better slowly. She joins me in duty and love to you and yours, with

Your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, March 9, 1787.

DEAR BROTHER:

I embrace this opportunity by my neighbour, Mr. Morgan Stillman, who is, by his uncle Dr. Morgan's invitation, going to settle in your city. As he is a young gentleman who bears a good character here, it may be of service to him for you to have heard it, if he should chance to be spoken of in your company.

I know it will be a pleasure to you to know that I have had as good health as I could expect this most intolerable hard winter. Your prediction has held invariable thus far, and as it began in October, I don't see why it mayn't hold till May, for any appearance yet to the contrary. I have wanted nothing for my comfort but air and exercise, which it has been impossible for me to take, as the feet of every woman, as well as the hand of every man, have been sealed up. It is true I do walk sometimes in the house, but I do not think of it often enough.

You can never want exercise for body or mind, and I suppose this winter you have diverted yourself with inspecting your new building. I want to hear all about it, but more particularly concerning your health. It seems a long time since I heard from you,

but I had the pleasure in a dream last night to hear you play a delightful tune on the harpsichord.

When I wrote you concerning our sister's grandson, I mistook the place of his abode. He lives at Chester, in the county of Rockingham, State of New Hampshire. He has been to see me the first time, though he is forty years old; says how happy he should be to have the honour of a letter from you, which I believe would elevate the poor man to a high degree. He says he was advised to write you concerning his son. I told him if you were to take such notice of all who had been named in respect to you, you must build an academy for their reception; that I had a great-grandson perhaps would claim admittance when it was well established, tho' I had not yet proposed it.

Remember my love to your children and grandchildren.

From your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

Dear brother, pardon the blots and blunders. I can't make a pen myself, and have no one near me who can.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, May 22d, 1787.

DEAR BROTHER:

Col. Sergeant has obligingly called on me to let me know he is going to Philadelphia, and will take pleasure in conveying a letter to you. I gladly embrace the opportunity, as I wanted to tell you how much pleasure I enjoy in the constant and lively mention made of you in the newspapers, which make you appear to me like a young man of twenty-five, just setting out for the other eighty years, full of great designs for the benefit [of] mankind and your own nation in particular, which I hope, with the assistance of such a number of wise men as you are connected with in the Convention,[1] you will gloriously accomplish, and put a stop to the necessity of dragooning and battering. They are odious means, and I would sooner hear of the swords being beat into ploughshares and the halters used for cart-ropes, if by that means we may be brought to live peaceably with one another; but I cannot join in opinion with your author, who thinks it not right to put a man to death for any crime. I fear we should have a much worse society, tho' we should adopt his scheme of a prison built in a horrible place, with groaning hinges and

[1] The convention which formed the Constitution of the United States is meant.

melancholy keepers. In such a confinement, would there be no probability of its growing familiar and indifferent to them? and I do not conceive of their being such an entertaining tale as to impress the minds of children so as to have any lasting effect, or that one of a thousand would be reformed by it. It has been said Dr. Franklin was the author of the pamphlet, but I think not.

I think I have not wrote you since I received the explanation of the medal. I thank you for it. I should be much gratified with the explanation of the other two. I suppose them to contain encomiums on yourself, but it is your sister that asks it.

The dreadful calamity this town has suffered by fire has included a daughter of Tommy Hubbard's, who married Mr. Gouch, I think the worthiest of the family. They had their house burnt down, and lost abundance of their clothing and necessaries. Her uncle Tuttle is very rich, but perhaps he thinks he may live to want all himself. I believe he is not more than seventy. But some others have been charitable, notwithstanding the difficulty of the times. Aunt Partridge, too, is very poor—in spirit.

I will now tell you something that will please you. Our worthy cousin, Jonathan Williams, has the honorary degree of Master of Arts conferred upon him by the corporation of our college. Dr. Lathrop, one of them, told me of it. You will see it after Commencement.

Remember my love to your children and grandchildren.

From your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, August 16, 1787.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

I can't express to you the pleasure it gives me on reading the description of your buildings. I rejoice that you have got through so much to your satisfaction; that God has blessed you in that respect is matter of thankfulness, as all the blessings which God affords us are, for none can ascribe merit to themselves; yet as the righteous have the promise of this life and that which is to come, if we may judge of the fitness of things, we may surely expect one who has employed his whole life to diffuse happiness to all the world has a right to live in a commodious house, and that all about him should combine to promote his happiness. Our Great Benefactor delights to bless those that trust in him, which I am sure you do, and you confirm me in that judgment, as you say you beg the continuance of his favours, but should submit to his will, should a reverse be determined. In that disposition of mind you are happier than you could be in all the world could give without it. Let us, my

dear brother, go on begging, and we shall certainly be receiving all that is best for us till we come to the full enjoyment in our Father's habitation.

It was indeed a lowly dwelling we were brought up in, but we were fed plentifully, made comfortable with fire and clothing, had seldom any contention among us, but all was harmony, especially between the heads, and they were universally respected, and the most of the family in good reputation; this is still happier living than multitudes enjoy.

Blessed be God that you and *I*, by your means, have the addition of more pleasing appearances in our dwellings.

I wrote you by Col. Sergeant, which I suppose you have received. When you have leisure you will let me know. I depend upon cousin John Williams to convey this by some Philadelphia gentleman, whose name he had forgot. My friend and neighbour, Dr. Lathrop, wishes for an opportunity. I shall let him know of this.

Present my love to your children and grandchildren, and believe me ever your grateful as well [as] affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, Nov'r 9, 1787.

DEAR BROTHER:

I wrote you lately, which Mr. Wouters took the care of, and I suppose you have received; but as he is now going himself, and offers to take a letter, I will not omit writing, tho' it will, as usual, be a barren performance, and to enclose my friend Mrs. Greene's. Her affection for you is really so great that she seems at a loss to express it. The letters from us two old women, proceeding from such a cause, will be a variety, and amuse you a little under the fatigue of public business. She is the same good-hearted creature she ever was, and with some other females in their State, are afflicted with the horrid iniquity of the public proceedings. Old Madam Greene, mother-in-law to my grandson, is sister to Governor Collins; but she says if she had an apron-full of votes to dispose of, she would throw them all in against her brother.

You perceive we have some quarrelsome spirits against the Constitution, but it does not appear to be those of superior judgment.[1] My greatest comfort is, God reigns; we are in his hands. We are as well as

[1] The convention of Massachusetts adopted the Constitution of the United States by a close vote.

usual, and join in love and duty to you and yours, with your

Affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

Mr. Wouters has been here several times, and is very agreeable.

I have heard nothing of a barrel of flour but what you mention since that you sent me a year ago. I fear it is lost, if you cannot recollect whom you sent it by.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, Jan. 8, 1788.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I never mean to deceive you by any thing I write, but your penetrating eye discovers the smallest symptom and the remotest consequences. I do indeed live comfortable (but cannot indulge such a childish disposition as to be running to you with every complaint, when I know it will give you pain). I have a good clean house to live in, my granddaughter constantly to attend me, to do whatever I desire in my own way and in my own time. I go to bed early, lie warm and comfortable, rise early to a good fire, have my breakfast directly, and eat it with a good appetite, and then read or work, or what else I please.

We live frugally, bake all our own bread, brew small beer, lay in a little cider, pork, butter, &c., supply ourselves with plenty of other provision daily at the door. We make no entertainments, but sometimes an intimate acquaintance will come in and partake with us the dinner we have provided for ourselves, and a dish of tea in the afternoon; and if a friend sits and chats a little in the evening, we eat our hasty-pudding (our common supper) after they are gone.

It is true I have some troubles, but my dear brother does all in his power to alleviate them by preventing even a wish, that when I look round me on all my acquaintance I do not see one I have reason to think happier than I am, and would not change my neighbour with myself. Where will you find one in a more comfortable state? As I see every one has their troubles, I suppose them to be such as fit them best, and shaking off them might be only changing for the worse.

About a year after you left me at Philadelphia, I went to Rhode Island, and lived with my granddaughter Greene till she had borne four children very happily, but she died; her husband invited me to continue with him, but I chose to come to Cambridge to my daughter. It happened to be at a time when it was supposed her husband[1] had got much by privateering, but in a short time after I got there I found

[1] Captain Collas, a native of Guernsey, frequently mentioned in the preceding letters.

he had hired money on interest to live on, which was then near expended. I, all the while, let them have money for necessaries, and it was accounted as pay for my board, but there was no prospect of better doings, he going daily to Boston to seek for business and finding none. I asked him why he did not get a house and remove there. He said he could not; I suppose for the same reason that he could not get credit at Philadelphia. I then got this house cleaned as soon as possible, and concluded to come and live in it, he by written agreement to give me my board for the rent. We came in the middle of winter, and about April, by some means or other, he made out to go a sort of trading trip to Nova Scotia, stayed there a great while and came back with little. I should first have told you that when we were about to move his landlord declared he should [not] carry away any thing till he was paid his rent, which was two years behind. He told me of it, but all the answer I gave him was, I was no expense to them. Afterwards Collas came and asked me to be bound for him. I told him I would not, but I would lend him a consolidated note which I had out of our treasury, of fourteen pound some shillings, which with twelve dollars he had of me before, he settled the affair, so that we were permitted to come away. After the Nova Scotia affair, he stayed at home a long time; at last got to be master of a vessel belonging to [a] Frenchman, who was shut up for debt most of the time he

was gone. As soon as he returned and they settled their voyage, the Frenchman went off, and Collas was out of business again. After a long time he got another vessel for the West Indies, from such owners as I hoped would keep him in employ, but he stayed much longer than was expected and never wrote a line to his owner the whole voyage. He said there was no need of it, for he was consigned to another there who did write. The consequence was he was dismissed immediately, and never earned a penny for nine months himself and a boy; by that time all he had earned was gone, my debt still increasing, besides many others: I thought it absolutely necessary to secure their furniture, lest it should be attached by some other creditor, and got him to make it over to me. He then ran in debt to all who would trust him, and patched up this trading voyage, was to sell all and return in two months with the produce of all their effects. He stayed seven, made no remittances, sent his wife in the time a bill of fifty dollars, which, if it was right she should receive, she was cheated of. He, thinking she had received it, came home to help eat it and brought another small bill, but not a farthing returns for any of the adventurers. How could they expect it? he said; the goods were not sold: most he had sold was on credit, and he could not get the pay, and he had left all in the hands of another person, who had proved himself a villain if he himself was honest. This being the case, I trembled at every

knock at the door, lest it should be some officer with demands on him. I at length told him he had no right to live without labour any more than another man: he was strong and able, and if he could not get to be master of a vessel, he must go mate. He should not choose to do that neither. I told him the expenses of the family when he was at home were double to what they were when he was absent. He acknowledged it all, and went back to the same place. * * *

[The conclusion of this letter is lost.]

FROM MRS. COLLAS.

[Boston, July 16, 1788.]

My Dear and Honoured Uncle:

I hope I shall not appear too forward in embracing this opportunity by Mr. Williams to acknowledge your kind favour of April 12th.

It caused a glow of pleasure—of self-confidence, if I may use the expression—which my poor, depressed heart has long been a stranger to; to have my presumptuous scrawl so far noticed by you, occasioned tears of gratitude attended with such a smile as denotes those sweet sensations which the blessed spirits forever feel. Oh! when shall I experience it without alloy! Happy as you are, my dear uncle, and ever deserve to be, I could wish, as you seem to hint a de-

sire to Dr. Lathrop, that we could make a bargain as in other matters: I would freely give up my remaining years, tho' twice the length of yours, freed from the distresses that must ever follow mine, and take my flight this instant; my only condition should be that you allow me a small share of your long experienced philanthropy, nor impute my desire to depart wholly to murmuring discontent or selfish views.

No: the instant I read the sentence, I joined heartily in your wish, from this idea that could your life be prolonged those times predicted by you would be hastened by so able a hand, and that you yourself would resign your life with pleasure, seeing the full completion of human knowledge and that the happiness of succeeding generations was established.

Mamma differed a little: she said you did not consider that in heaven we should know every thing, for a good woman of her acquaintance who was just a-going, longed to hear from England first, that she might carry the news of the Stamp Act's being repealed to her father, who was a good old Whig. I asked her if she thought they would hear when Maulding bridge was finished: that she thought was too trifling; so we concluded upon the whole that there would be more joy in heaven over one sinner that repented than ninety and nine *such things*.

I must, my honoured sir, make the same apology to you for my trifling as to a worthy minister who indulged me in a correspondence, that great men

required relaxation; that the great Newton amused himself with blowing bubbles out of a pipe, and as mine was innocent, tho' not so useful an amusement, I hope to be forgiven. Please to accept my thanks for your every kindness—particularly your kind reception of Mr. Collas, of which he wrote me word, and that Mr. and Mrs. Bache treated him politely, which was every word I heard from him. * * * * Mr. Collas is a very industrious, active man, a sweet, kind, benevolent disposition, has ever been very tender of me, and does all he can for me: his errors are of the head, and not of the heart: in respect to his capacity in business, he is much recommended as a good seaman, perfect in the art of navigation, both in practice and theory, has been commander out of this town many years, has bought and sold cargoes to satisfaction as far as I know; but out of that line of business I have no reason to think he need hope for success. He has lately sailed from the West Indies, first mate of a brig to the coast of Africa; he writes me he is to have the command the next voyage. It is a twelvemonth since I have been able to get a line to him, flying as he has been from place to place in search of employ, so that were I capable of giving him advice he could not receive it.

I never saw your letter till very lately, though it would have given me pleasure on many accounts. Mamma has given you a reason. Our frames are so constructed that it is impossible if the heart is in dis-

tress that it should not affect the body. I have had a large share of the bitters of this life, and but few cordial drops; my uncle's notice and my parent's love would be great ones indeed, and ever gratefully acknowledged by

Your dutiful and affectionate niece,

JANE COLLAS.

P. S. I know not whether my ideas through the whole of this letter can be found, so clumsily are they expressed. The uncertainty of another opportunity obliges me to send it. The hurry I write in must plead my excuse.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, Sept. 26, 1788.

DEAR BROTHER:

I received yours of the 16th by cousin John Williams, wherein you so early give orders for the cash for my wood, but I had drawn on you for it some days before, and had got it in. I felt ashamed that I appeared in such a hurry, but there was a talk of letting the small-pox spread in the town and that wood would be dearer, and that then was the best time, and that you had said I was always too diffident, and would be pleased with my doing as I did; so I suppose it will be of no consequence that I had it not

to receive of the other person, and have now to thank you for your never-ceasing bounty.

When I see you did not mention particulars concerning the exceptions to your health, I feared they were larger than usual, and I now understand you have had a severe ill turn. I can with sincerity say, as our friend Catey said when she heard of your fall, I should have been glad to have borne part of your pain, to have eased my dear brother. They tell me you are much better: may God continue you so! I rejoice with you and the happy parents in the increase of your family. It is said Mr. Bache is remarkable for having the finest children in Philadelphia. How much pleasure must they give you when you have ease to enjoy it! I long to have every one to kiss and play with that I see pass the street, that looks clean and healthy. You did not give me the name. I think this is the seventh. Mrs. Bache may make up my number, twelve, though she did not begin so young. My love to them all. God bless them, says their affectionate aunt and your affectionate and grateful sister,

JANE MECOM.

Does Mrs. Ashmead yet live and nurse her? If she does, remember me respectfully to her.

This cousin Rogers of ours, who is to take the care of this to New York, has got some ser^{ts} of your son William, the Governor's, Knowlton and his wife

and daughter, ever since the Governor dismissed them, and finds them such faithful servants, and they give them such high wages, he says they will make themselves a little fortune. I know it will please you and Temple to hear it; it does me, I assure you.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, Nov. 11, 1788.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I am uneasy when I do not hear from you often, but all I have heard lately, I think, give me reason to fear your health is declining, and that you suffer a depression in your spirits, and I know you must feel greatly to have it perceivable by bystanders. Oh, that I could mitigate your pains or griefs! but instead of being able to do that, I and mine have always been a great cause of grief and trouble to you, tho', blessed be God, you have never discovered any thing but the pleasure of doing good, and Heaven has blessed you in the deed; though you suffer what is the lot of all men, in a greater or less degree, pain and sickness, the consciousness of the rectitude of all your actions, both for public and private benefit, will support your hope for a more blessed state to all eternity, where, my dear brother, we shall meet, tho' may it be yet many years before you are called off this

stage, in favour to the inhabitants, who will greatly miss you whenever that time comes. You don't know how it refreshes me when I hear you are cheerful. Mr. Cushing has not been to see me, as I understood by Mr. Williams you desired him, and perhaps that is the reason, because he left you ill with the gout. I hope it soon left you, and you have recovered your former cheerfulness. I fear you have not received two letters I wrote you since the date of your last by cousin John Williams, dated Sept. 16, thro' the hands of Mr. John Rogers, of New York. One contained a billet from Mrs. Walker, desiring me to inform you of several things, which I thought best to send in her own words: tho' I feared it was something presuming in me as well as her, I was unwilling to refuse her, as she is a widow, and destitute. In the other I congratulated you on the increase in your family, and the health and happiness they enjoy. I hope it continues, and to let you know I had drawn a bill on you for my wood before John Williams came home, and so had no occasion to take it of him. If those two letters come to your hand, be so good as to let me know it when it is convenient for you.

I suppose you see our newspapers, where you see how fond our people are to say something of Dr. Franklin, I believe mostly to do him honour, but some choose to embellish the language to their own fancy. The story of the Frenchman with the poker

was a good story when you told it, but it appears to me there was none of your d—— your souls in it. What we had in your last of your present to the Academy was truly honourable, like yourself, and rejoices the heart of every good person. Oh! that our all-bountiful Benefactor would give you ease as well as such nobleness of mind.

We have at length got a mass-house [in] which the Roman Catholics assembled last Sabbath. The priest has married a beautiful young girl, the only child of her mother, a widow, to a Frenchman, a Mr. * * * *, who, some say, has a wife in Philadelphia. The poor girl did not understand a word the priest said, but * * * * told her he would cut his throat if she did not comply.

Excuse my writing you such stuff. I suppose it is but little more than you have to bear with in all my letters, tho' written from a heart full of sincere gratitude of your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

I write this to go by the packet William Daggett.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

Boston, April 2d, 1789.

My Dear Brother:

We have had a long cold winter since I received your last, and I have heard nothing from you immediately since, but I got so composed by your cheerful manner of writing then, and the information you gave me of your better health, that I have lived on it all winter, and have not indulged a desponding thought. I still hope it has been well with you. I wrote to you once to inform you I received all you sent me, and all I could about the books, which I suppose Mr. Williams has also informed you. All who see them admire the type, the paper and method of printing, as well as the manner of instruction; but what is the cause of the bookbinders' not encouraging them I know not, but think they will take after a little while.

I do not pretend to write politics though I love to hear them, and you must have seen the squabbling we have had all winter about election. We have had poor Laco chalked on the fences as hanged and dam'd, but his wisdom keeps him secret.[1]

My own family has been as usual—sometimes sick and sometimes well; and I have kept myself all winter

[1] Letters written against John Hancock by Stephen Higginson.

at home, and not exposed myself to the cold. Farewell, dear brother. May God bless you and all your children, prays

Your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

I have a little visitor here from Rhode Island, Sally Greene, my daughter Flagg's granddaughter. She begs me to put her name in the letter, for she says you don't know you have got a great-grandniece. I had a letter from our friend Catey Greene by her. She always enquires after her good *old* friend, which is a term you will like in some sense.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, August 29, 1789.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Oh, that I could with truth begin with the old-fashioned style I hope this will find you well, but that I despair of, except I could confine all to your intellects, which, thank God, appear as sound as ever, which must supply you with a source of entertainment beyond what common mortals can experience; I have even myself, in times past, lost the sense of pain for some time, by enjoyment of good company.

Yours of August 3d, by cousin Jonathan, was very

pleasing; the knowing you had received mine so soon and was pleased with the contents, gave me great satisfaction, and the sight of him whom I love like a child was a great addition. He is truly a worthy man.

You introduce your reproof of my miffy temper so politely one can't avoid wishing to have conquered, as you have, if you ever had any, that disagreeable temper. * * * *

I was a little suspicious whether Excellency was according to rule in address to my brother at this time; but I never write any myself, and of late, because he lives nearer than cousin Williams, have sent them to Dr. Lathrop's, who is very obliging to me, and I thought must know what is right, and gave no directions about it, but shall another time. He desires always to be very respectfully remembered to you when I write.

I believe there are a few of our Nantucket relations who have still an affection for us, but the war time, which made such havoc everywhere, divided and scattered them about. Those I was most intimate with were Abisha Fougres, his brother and sons, Timothy one, the Jenkinses, and Kezia Coffin, who was many years like a sister to me and a great friend to my children. She sent me two very affectionate letters when the town[1] was shut up, inviting me to come to

[1] Boston.

her and she would sustain me—that was her word; and had I received them before I left the town, I should certainly have gone, but a wise and good Providence ordered it otherwise. She took to the wrong side, and exerted herself by every method she could devise, right or wrong, to accomplish her designs and favour the Britons; went into large trade with them and for them, and by mismanagement and not succeeding in her endeavours, has sunk every farthing they were ever possessed of, and have been in jail, both her husband at Nantucket and herself at Halifax. She was always thought to be an artful woman, but there are such extraordinary stories told of her as is hard to be believed. The two Jenkinses, Seth and Thomas, stood in the same relation to us, and always very affectionate to me. They were at Philadelphia when I was there. You spoke something for them at Congress. They were men of considerable property, and had a great quantity of oil in their stores, when a vessel belonging to the Tories went down and robbed them of all. It was proved that Kezia pointed it out to them;[1] the owners prosecuted her, and she was brought up to Boston to stand trial, but I think there was no final condemnation at court. She says they could not find evidence: they

[1] If this is the same cousin Kezia Coffin spoken of in a previous letter as "the lady who is everybody's friend," it furnishes an additional proof how far party feelings will carry a person in times of civil war or internal dissensions.

say the evidence was so strong that had they suffered it to come into court it would have hanged her, and so they suppressed it, not being willing it should proceed so far. They settled at Providence a few years, whose families I used to stop at when I went backwards and forwards, and they were very kind to me; sent their sons to carry me from there to my grandson's, thirteen miles, in their [a word lost], and every other obliging thing in their power; but afterwards they settled a township on North River—I forget the name—there is a city, and Thomas Jenkins is the mayor.[1] I have not seen either of them since. I don't know if they come to Boston; if they do, they do not know where to find me; and though the Folgers, some of them, sail out of this place, I believe it is the same case with them, for I have not seen a Nantucket person since I lived here. I have a next-door neighbour who lived there once, and I now and then hear something of them by him.

I know I have wrote and spelt this worse than I do sometimes, but I hope you will find it out. Remember my love to your children and grandchildren. Tell my niece Betsy that I sent her pocket-book to Mrs. Coffin's daughter, and I don't doubt she had it, but she was at Halifax.

I am your affectionate and grateful sister,

JANE MECOM.

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[1] It is believed that Hudson is meant.

FROM MRS. MECOM.

BOSTON, January 17, 1790.

This day my dear brother completes his 84th year. You cannot, as old Jacob, say, Few and evil have they been: except those wherein you have endured such grievous torments latterly, yours have been filled with innumerable good works, benefits to your fellow-creatures, and thankfulness to God; that notwithstanding the distressing circumstance before mentioned, yours must be esteemed a glorious life. Great increase of glory and happiness I hope await you. May God mitigate your pain and continue your patience yet many years, for who that know and love you can bear the thought of surviving you in this gloomy world?

I esteem it very fortunate that cousin John Williams is returning to Philadelphia again, and will take a keg of sounds and tongues by land, as there is no vessel likely to go till March. I have tasted them and think them very good; shall as long as they are acceptable send you fresh and fresh as I have opportunity.

I am, as you suppose, six years younger than you are, being born on the 27th March, 1712, but to appearance in every one's sight, as much older.

We have hitherto a very moderate winter, but I do not attempt to go abroad; my breath but just serves

me to go about the house without great pain, and as I am comfortable at home I strive to be content. Remember my love to your children from

Your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

FROM MRS. MECOM TO MRS. FRANKLIN.

[The following letter originated in a report that Dr. Franklin had been made a Baronet and appointed Governor of Pennsylvania.]

BOSTON, Jan. 29, 1758.

DEAR SISTER:

For so I must call you, come what will, and if I don't express myself proper you must excuse it, seeing I have not been accustomed to pay my compliments to Governor and Baronets' ladies. I am in the midst of a great wash and Sarah still sick, and would gladly be excused writing this post, but my husband says I must write and give you joy which we heartily join in. I suppose it will be [a word lost] news to you, but I will tell you how I came by it: Mr. Fluker told cousin Williams, and he Doctor Perkins, who brought it to my poor son Neddy, who has another relapse into raising blood, and has not done one stroke of work this month, but was just a-going to begin when he was again taken ill. Pray pardon my bad writing and confused composure, and accept it as coming from your ladyship's affectionate sister and most obedient humble servant,

JANE MECOM.

BENJAMIN MECOM TO MRS. FRANKLIN.

Boston, Feb. 9, 1761.

Dear and Honoured Madan:

Your Betsy has not yet afforded me a son: five weeks ago she was delivered of a daughter on a Saturday night, which was baptized the next day by Dr. Sewall, by the name of Deborah, in grateful remembrance of the numerous kindnesses we have received from Mrs. Franklin: if our daughter proves as worthy a woman, we shall be contented. Debby is put out to a reputable woman at Charlestown, at 4*s*. sterling per week. Betsy is weak yet, but has no milk, and parted with her child with great regret on that account. I congratulate you on your late agreeable news from England, and foresaw the eagerness and thankfulness with which you opened your pacquets.

Every child born in a family which has any connection with his, puts me in mind of uncle B. Franklin's fatherly care in espousing the matrimonial interest, so much as he has done and still does, for I apprehend that among other of his recreations, the writing in praise of his lovely Joan has made him the spiritual father of many [a word lost] children born in honest wedlock. I rejoice with cousin Davenport on the appearance of their late fine daughter, as, no doubt, he does with us at the arrival of ours.

Brother Peter Franklin Mecom is returned from

the camp: though he was unwell when he first came to town, he is now quite recovered, and thinks seriously of settling to business; nothing prevents his really doing so but *want*. We are unwilling to disturb you with our uneasiness, hoping hereafter to be able to send you better news. Peter lately received a pacquet from cousin Billy, containing a letter and two picture cuts for his crown soap, which Billy very politely desired him to accept of as a small token of his affection. Sister-in-law Ruthy, you know, is married to Mr. Foote, a joiner, who appears to be a sober, well-inclined, industrious husband, and, we hope, will be a continual comfort to poor brother Edward's valuable widow. All parts of our family are well, and are thankful for your kind inquiries after their welfare.

Among the enclosed pamphlets is an edition of the letter to two great men, which I bought of Fowle and Draper, in order to send to England. Will you please to convey it to Mr. Franklin there? My spouse sends her duty to you and love to Sally, &c.

I hear Dr. Boudinot has received [some words lost] kick from his horse. I hope there is a fair prospect of his doing well.

I am, madam,

Your dutiful and affectionate nephew,

BENJ. MECOM.

FROM MRS. MECOM TO MRS. FRANKLIN.

Boston, February 27, 1766.

Dear Sister:

Your kind letter I received by post the same week cousin Davenport came to town, and acknowledge your goodness with the sincerest gratitude. I sent the letter to cousin Williams to read, and he came immediately himself and offered me the eight dollars. I accepted it (as I was still in want of one very necessary thing, which I laid it out on), notwithstanding my dear brother and your dear husband had just sent me a considerable present of clothing from England by Capt. Freeman, who arrived here just before I received your letter and present. We are now supplied not only with necessary but creditable clothing, for brother has sent each of us a printed cotton gown, a quilted coat, a bonnet, each of the girls a cap, and some ribbons. Mine is very suitable for me to wear now, being black, and a purple cotton; but the girls' are light coloured. I hope God will bless you both for the goodness you do, not only to me, but to others as you see occasion. I understand you still continue to visit the sick and comfort the afflicted. Cousin Davenport tells me you used to visit him every day when he was sick, and bring him goodies. Oh, how comfortable is such a neighbour in time of sickness! I hope I shall always gratefully remember I had sev-

eral such while my family were sick, and be enabled properly to improve the health and comforts we now enjoy. I have at present a competency, and will not fear but it shall always be so. If I should now repine or distrust Providence, I should be most ungrateful of all his creatures, for I have been abundantly supplied beyond what I could rationally expect, and have my two daughters in health, whom I had great reason to fear incurable—one of a painful disease, the other falling into a languishing. Bless the Lord, O my soul, who not only grantest these, but continuest the day and means of grace, that if it is not our own fault, we may be happy hereafter.

I am grieved to hear poor Mrs. Smith has got the numb palsy. Please to present my love and best wishes to her.

I am amazed beyond measure at what cousin Davenport tells me, that your house was threatened in the tumult. I thought there had been none among you would proceed to such a length to persecute a man merely for being the best of characters, and really deserving good from the hand and tongue of all his fellow-creatures. I know there was a party that did not approve his prosecuting the business he is gone to England upon, and that some had used him with some scurrilous language in some printed papers, but I was in hopes it had so far subsided as not to give you any disturbance. When I think what you must have suffered at the time, how I pity you! but

I think your indignation must have exceeded your fear. What a wretched world would this be if the vile of mankind had no laws to restrain them!

My family all thank you for your kind remembrance of them. The children desire their duty, and Mrs. Bowls her compliments. Cousin Griffith can assign no cause for the death of her child, except it was a fright she received one evening; her husband being absent when some men in liquor next door got to fighting, and there was screaming murther. Cousin Holmes's are all well. Cousin Billings' wife has called in to see me with her son, which is a fine one. Cousin Williams looks soon to lie-in; she is so big I tell her she will have two. Poor Sarah has been better, so as to wash the dishes, but she is now worse again. Her age, as you say, is not a time to expect a cure for old disorders, and the doctor says there is no hopes for her, but she will dwindle away. She is a good creature, and patient. It would grieve you to hear what a cough she has, that repels all medicines, but she is hardly ever heard to complain.

Remember my love to cousin Sally, and permit me again to thank you for the present, and subscribe myself

Your affectionate and obliged sister,

JANE MECOM.

SARAH FRANKLIN TO GOV. WM. FRANKLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 30th [1766].

DEAR BROTHER:

I have this minute received your letter. Cousin Davenport has got the cross and magazine for you. There were no rough drafts in the box; I opened it myself. I suppose papa was in a hurry when he went away, and forgot to give them to Mrs. Stevenson, as she don't mention them among the other articles.

The letter from Mr. Sargent was to Daniel Wistar. I send you the Dutch paper where I think there is something about it. On Friday night there was a meeting of 7 or 800 men in Hare's brew-house, where Mr. Ross, mounted on a bag of grains, spoke to them a considerable time. He read Sergeant's letter, and some others, which had a good effect, as they satisfied many. Some of the people say he outdid Whitfield, and Sir John says he is in a direct line from Solomon. He spoke several things in favour of his absent friend, whom he called the good, the worthy Dr. Franklin, and his worthy friend. After he was gone, Hugh Roberts stood up and proposed him in Willing's place, and desired those who were for him to stand up, and they all rose to a man.

Mamma is glad to hear Nancy has been useful, and desires you would not think of sending her down while

she can be of any service to you; as Susan has been so good a girl we have not missed her.

If I had heard sister was indisposed I should have been up to see her. I hope by this time she is quite recovered. I cannot close this letter without letting you know that the Gov. has pardoned Pemberton, and that through Mr. Hockley's means. He had heard the report about his persuading Lydia Hyde to put him in prison, and that because he was a relation of sister's. He avers if he had thought Pemberton was a relation, it would have been an additional motive to him to have spoke to the Gov. for his pardon. He showed us two papers which we asked leave to show to a friend, and as I have not time to copy the letters I enclose them, and to let you see the pardon is before conviction, and beg you will send them down by the very first opportunity. I wrote this as I thought it would give you pleasure to hear the poor man was released, as well as in justice to Hockley, who on this occasion has behaved well.

Mamma joins me in love to you both.

I am, and ever shall be,

Your affectionate sister,

S. FRANKLIN.

I shall be obliged to you for a Johney and the New England song.

SARAH FRANKLIN TO GOV. WILLIAM FRANKLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, October 3, 1766.

DEAR BROTHER:

"*The old ticket forever! We have it by* 34 *votes! God bless our worthy and noble agent, and all his family!*" were the joyful words we were waked with at 2 or 3 o'clock this morning, by the White Oaks. They then gave us three huzzas and a blessing, then marched off. How strong is the cause of truth! We have beat three parties: the Proprietary, the Presbyterians, and the Half-and-Half.

As we knew you would be glad to hear, mamma has sent George, and Mr. Wharton will write also. I was a good deal uneasy that my letter missed the post yesterday; it was owing to old Mr. Foxcroft's telling me he was not come in but half an hour before he went out, and you know he always stays 2 or 3 hours.

I will detain George no longer than just to subscribe myself

Your affectionate sister,

S. FRANKLIN.

FROM MRS. MECOM TO MRS. FRANKLIN.

[Boston, before August, 1770?]

Dear Sister:

I received y^rs^ of 15 inst., and you can't think how much pleasure it gave me to hear so particularly about the little grandson. I can't find one since I came home that looks a bit like him. I am glad you hear so often from my brother. I almost despaired when I wrote you last of ever having another letter from him, but soon after received one that by some means or other was four or five months a-coming. Several gentlemen arrived here from London say as your Capt. Franks does, that he looks extremely well, and is in good health. Cousin Williams' sons went with their uncle, the inspector—one in hopes of receiving some benefit, the other to purchase goods to set himself up here; but we hear his uncle has procured him a clerk's berth to the East Indies, which he has accepted, and has only sent some goods to his aunt Wood, and Josiah is coming home without him.

I have never yet recovered my fall, and cannot walk near so well as you can; that if it was not necessary for me to fill up my time other ways, I should take much pleasure in conversing with you in this way; as I have now so good an opportunity, I will endeavour to answer all your inquiries.

In the first place, I have never seen Mrs. Partridge

since I came here, but once in the street. I have not heard whether she is like to have another child. The neighbours say she lay abed afore with her hair powdered and a great plume in it. Suckey is not married. She once called to see me of an evening. I believe Tuthill has no thoughts of matrimony. Cousin Ingersol has the same wife he had when cousin Bache was here. I believe they are well. Her daughter was not like to have another child when I saw her last. I now forget who the Controller's lady was that went from Boston. I have never heard whether Gov^{r} Wentworth has a child. I see so few intelligent people that I know the least news of any one in the world. I am a great deal alone, except some young persons coming back on errands, for as I can't go abroad people don't come to see me, and Jenny is a good deal out.

I have heard nothing of Mr. Gordon and his family. Was he to have settled in Boston? And now I have filled one side with answering your questions, give me leave to desire you to do the same by me; even now, before you forget it. You will find some opportunity to send it. When do you expect cousin Bache home? * * * * How do Mrs. Smith's daughter and family do? If you will believe me, I cannot now think of her name. How are Dr. Bond and family? Do you ever see my obliging Mr. York? Did Mrs. Leegay go to the West Indies? Is it that Dr. Shippen that is dead, whose child made the speech at

your house? Did they ever pay my son the money they owed him? or did you ever get your rent? How does your good neighbour Hadock, Duke of Wharton, Marquis Rockingham, &c.? has he got his government? Is cousin All turned merchant and stay at home constantly? I have never seen him entered or cleared in the papers. I wish I had such a constant boarder to pay me three dollars a week the year round. I could then do pretty well. I am glad the child has his old maid. Tell her I always think of her with respect, she was so good to me when I hurt myself. Do George, Bob, and Jack do any better? and how does the little mulatto behave to his master? Does Mr. Duché preach as well as ever? I should admire to come and see and hear all about every thing there once a year, and stay a fortnight. I fancy so short a time would affect my health with change of climate. I perceive Debby Davenport has got a little of her mother's flattering disposition; but obliging actions are more substantial than words, tho' they are not disagreeable if they come from the heart.

I wish Mrs. Keppele very happy in her new habitation. Present my respectful compliments to her and every one that inquires after me. Cousin Bache knows she is a letter in my debt, and I will not excuse her, except she is in circumstances and very sick, so you must tell me that and every other thing that you know I shall like to hear; and if you send it to my son, he will find a vessel to send it by; and please to

tell them (my son and his wife) that I shall expect a long letter from each of them, for I have heard nothing of them this whole winter. I believe by this time that you are heartily tired with this trumpery; that in compassion to you I conclude.

Your affectionate sister,

JANE MECOM.

Dear sister, if Catey should send a letter to you for me, do be so good as to get it sent to me by water.

THE END.

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Franklin, Benjamin, 1706-1790

Letters to Benjamin Franklin, from his family and friends 1751 - 1790

New York 1859
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